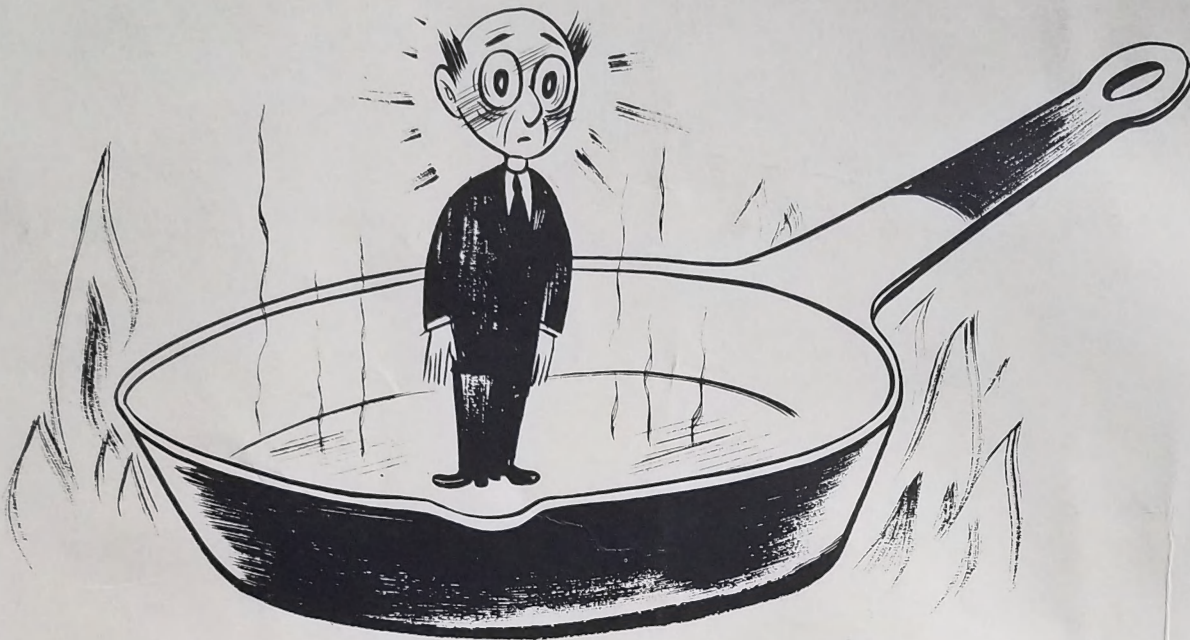




WHAT'S COOKING?



THE "BIG BURN" IN CIVIC,
SOCIAL AND POLITICAL
CIRCLES WILL SET IN
THE NIGHT OF THE
1st ANNUAL

GRIDIRON DINNER

LIMITED NUMBER OF SEATS, PRESS MEMBERS
AND SELECTED GUESTS ONLY, STRICTLY STAG !!

WATCH FOR THE DATE!

Corner Rocket



A few cues that were racked up by some journalistic pool sharks . . . Typewriter tapings . . . Sidelight Stories . . . Anecdotes and Personal memories . . . Break 'em up, lads, the 8-Ball is wild.

Harold Debus, who keeps a weather (beaten) eye on the Pasadena beat for the Mirror, got a call from his desk:

"Knock out a couple hundred words of first-person on-the-spot commentary giving the newsman's view of Bob Niles' 'chute jump from the Colorado Street bridge.

"Then call KMPC and give it to them on the phone. They'll tape it and put it on their 12:30 news broadcast."

Debus complied, reading his copy



over the phone without batting an eye. It sounded strictly off the cuff.

That was at 11:45. His pressroom cronies swung the radio over to KMPC and waited. Debus slowly began to get nervous.

By 12:15 he was pacing the floor. At 12:25 sweat sparkled on his brow.

At 12:28, when Debus was spitting fingernails like a Tommy gun, one of his buddies said:

"Sit down! What makes you so jittery?"

"I'm on the air in two minutes. I'm scared!"

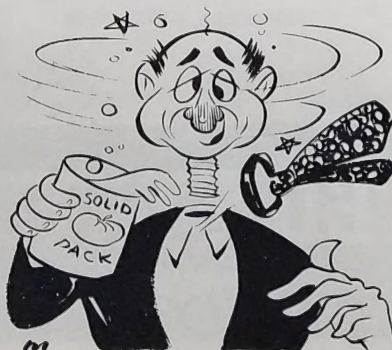
DAVE SWAIM

Occasionally, as I enter the cool, dark Press Club lounge, I am reminded of an earlier Press Club, one of several false starts made toward bringing culture and conviviality to the masses.

The one I have in mind was an old residence on Westlake avenue, near Ninth, also cool and dark. When the neighbors' complaints finally reached a shrill scream, it moved to the cool, dark top floor of the limit-height building on Beverly Boulevard at Commonwealth and one day disappeared in thin air.

This earlier Club came into being during prohibition and its main attraction, in fact its only one if you discount the poker games in the sawdust-floored cellar, was the home brew, concocted of potatoes, old shoes and bolts of lightning.

It came in quart bottles and was served in large size tomato cans. One sip loosened your necktie. One can unscrewed your head. Two cans paralyzed you for three days. City editors



used to maintain patrols at the place to pick up bodies of staff members and try to revive them.

It's doubtless true that many things wrong with journalism today can be attributed to this home brew. On the other hand, the unparalleled inspiration in news stories of the day also grew out of the tin cans. One way or another, it's a tribute to older newsmen still on the job that they survived this old Press Club and proof they're a hardy tribe.

We finally come to the point. We have it from a usually authoritative source that this home brew gave the government the idea for the atom bomb.

MATT WEINSTOCK

• • • • •

Two little yarns to add to the local newspaper legend:

The first is hearsay, but being an old press room mate and long-standing admirer of Jack Stevens, I believe it. Jack was assigned the day after elections to report figures from the office of the Registrar of Voters.

During the course of a long and monotonous day, a bottle found its way to the bored reporters. Another bottle followed. Time passed, and Jack called in. The city editor told him to report to the office next day. This was the conversation:

City Editor: "You were drinking yesterday, weren't you?"

Stevens' classic reply: "Defense rests."

(continued on page 3)

THIS IS YOUR OFFICE, TOO!

Public Relations

**UNITED STATES STEEL
CORPORATION SUBSIDIARIES**

Los Angeles District

FRANK A. BURNS

This office is as much yours as it is ours. We're here to keep you informed on activities of United States Steel and its subsidiaries.



Room 402, Pacific-Mutual Building

Los Angeles 14, California

MAdison 6-7527-7528



UNITED STATES STEEL

"The Industrial Family That Serves the Nation"

Corner Rocket

The second story happened in my presence years ago during the drinking days of that excellent reporter, Foster Mauss. He, Ray Hanners, and I went out to the Ambassador to interview J. Edgar Hoover. We were told that the famous G-Man was on his way back from the Harbor.

"Tommy" Thompson, Daily News photographer, agreed to stand watch while we accepted the invitation of John Brown, hotel public relations man, to have a drink at the bar. Neither Ray nor I knew at the time that Foster was out of condition, having been on the wagon for some months.

After a while, Tommy came in to say that he had spotted Hoover on the beach by the swimming pool. We tumbled out for the interview.

Things proceeded smoothly. The in-



terview was a cordial one. We stood up to leave. Mauss spoke up:

"Just one more question, Mr. Hoover."

"Yes?"

"Did you know you are generally considered a horse's ass?"



Hoover was surrounded by G-Men. Their eyes narrowed, and Ray and I expected them to toss Foster into the swimming pool, at least. But Hoover replied:

"I can understand why newspapermen object to my not revealing information until an arrest is made."

Ray then generously commented that he had the greatest admiration for Hoover and the FBI, and Hoover said he was glad not all newspapermen disliked him. Ray, of course, covers FBI here. **FRED CHASE**

Everything in the City Hall press room was looking pretty crummy to Allen.

He'd had three drinks instead of lunch, and though his capacity was by no means taxed, there was the first vague fluttering of imagination within him, and he had to admit that things were pretty crummy.

He looked distastefully at the battered couch in the corner, eyed the lurid nudes on the wall, and was toying with the idea of taking them down when his friend Harris walked in.

(continued on page 4)



Go East by South... S·P's SUNSET ROUTE

LUSH Louisiana bayouland...the romantic Evangeline country...New Iberia and the "Cajuns"...fabulous, historic New Orleans...all the traditional charm of the Old South...

Thrill to it all on your East-by-South trip over Southern Pacific's *Sunset Route* between Los Angeles and New Orleans.

Two fast trains daily via El Paso, San Antonio, Houston offer schedules to fit your convenience, accommodations to fit every pocketbook:

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*It's brought
right to your door*

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*the Bread
of
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Corner Rocket

He and Harris had been on rewrite together but Harris had been bounced and was now with an advertising agency. He also was now drunk.

"Hello, Pete," said Harris, and Allen nodded to him. "Still at it, huh, Pete?"

Allen felt a momentary urge to rise to his own defense for still being a newspaperman, but the feeling quickly passed and he said nothing.

"Why the hell don't you get out of this and come on in with me?" asked Harris. "A couple of smart guys like us could make a real pile of dough. You know, publicity, advertising. . . ."

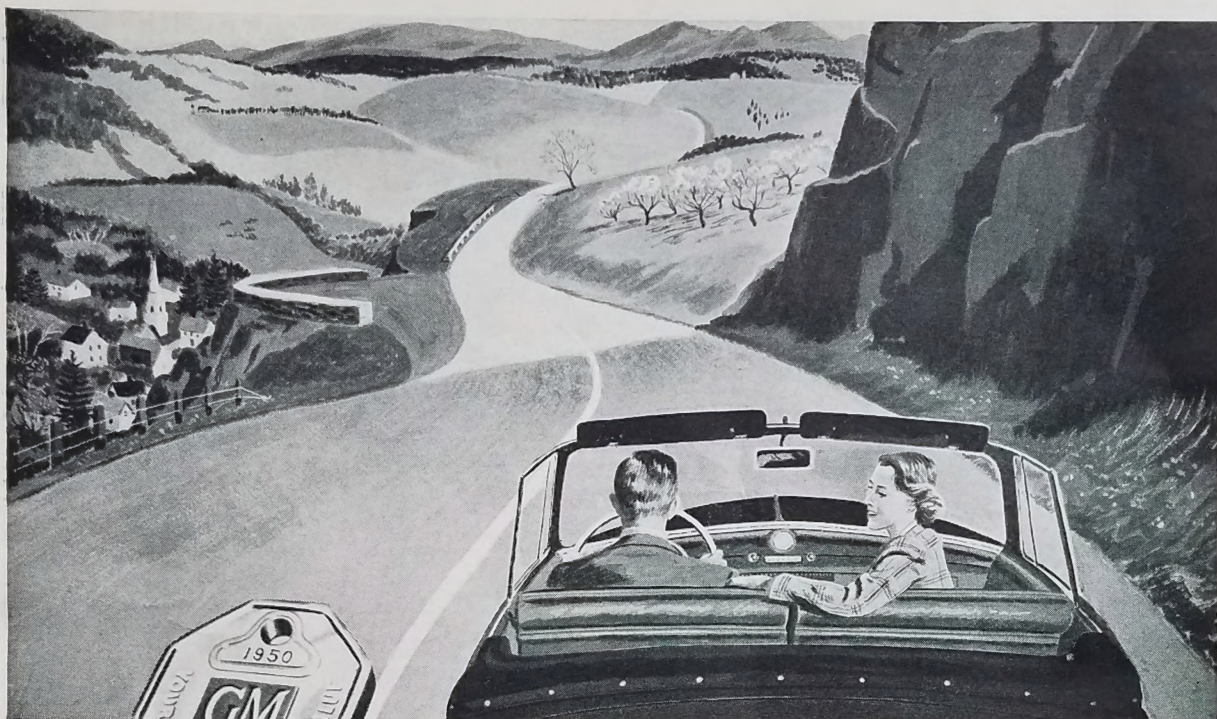
About the only thing that Allen knew right then was that he wanted another drink, so he and Harris went across the street and settled down in a back booth.

By five o'clock Allen had completely

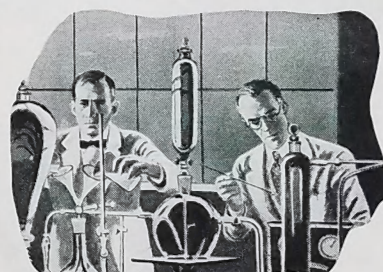
(continued on page 7)



"Activated" Shell Premium
is the most powerful
gasoline your car can use!



To watch for economy in the new engines, along with their stepped-up power, cars are run constantly at the GM Proving Ground with gasoline consumption measured by the ounce.



To lift automotive power to new levels, research had to explore, molecule by molecule, the deepest secrets of fuels, as well as metals and finished engines.

Key to purring power

You'll find one of the big news stories for 1950 motoring right in General Motors engines.

With high-compression performance, these power plants are designed to get the *utmost* out of today's fuels.

And this demonstrates the dramatic results that can come from constant striving to make things better. For it all grew out of a purposeful search in research, engineer-

ing and production — a search for more efficient automotive power.

The end-results of this work are more and more horsepower per pound of engine — more and more mileage per gallon of gasoline — and smoother, longer-lasting engines.

In short, you get power that adds a plus to GM value. Any dealer in GM cars can show you how and why.



To help make high-compression engines that deliver smooth-running power, sensitive eyes, ears and instruments study them in action, probing always for facts that lead to better performance.

THE KEY TO A GENERAL MOTORS

Your key to
Greater Value



“MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE”
GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC · BODY BY FISHER · GMC TRUCK & COACH

Hear HENRY J. TAYLOR on the air every Monday evening over the ABC Network, coast to coast.



"Bring me the file on Kaiser!"

Corner Rocket

wiped out Harris' head start, and it was hard to tell which was drunker. This point was not in disagreement between the two, however, as they were indivisibly united in a glorious enterprise which was bound to make millions for them.

A third party, especially a non-drinking third party, would have been hard pressed to deduce the nature of this enterprise, but it was all beautifully clear and simple to Allen and Harris.

They'd go in together and they'd make millions.

The two friends, buoyed up by this sudden solution to all their troubles, sat drinking happily until the bar closed. But two men don't get hold of a big idea like that every day and a little thing like a bar closing wasn't to be allowed to disrupt their plans.

In the next few days there was many a bar that encompassed the soaring spirits of the planners—and many a hotel room that echoed to their snores and wordless moans in less enterprising moments.

One morning, in an unguarded moment, Allen thought of his job. He asked Harris what day it was and Harris said Saturday. By a painful process Allen recalled that it was on a Wednesday that Harris had wandered in to the press room. He didn't see why Harris should know what day it was any more than he did, so he called the room clerk.

"My God, it's Monday!" he shouted.

There was nothing about Allen that made him look any different from any other man who has been drunk for six days when he walked slowly and carefully into the press room. He felt like hell, he looked like hell, but most of all, he felt a strange combination of remorse and defiance.

All he wanted to do was get his stuff out of his desk. The hell with the office.

As he entered the room his phone was ringing, and a reporter from an-



other paper picked it up, looked up and saw Allen and said, "It's for you."

"I don't want to talk to anybody," Allen growled. The other man hesitated a moment and then turned to speak into the mouthpiece.

"Wait a minute," said Allen. He took the phone, looked at it a moment, then said, "Allen."

"Where the hell have you been, Allen!" came the strident voice of his city editor. The shock of the sound

(continued on page 9)

ON THE SPOT

• NO MATTER where the news—you can be there in hours by air. This is the tremendous advantage of air transportation when it comes to "on the spot news" coverage. With extensive routes in North America and Europe, American Airlines is proud to assist in keeping the public well informed.

and on the spot to serve you in Los Angeles

BILL HIPPLE • JOE HARTY • JAY CRUM

AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.

AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE

To get better oil for you...



To bring you the finest products...



To help him earn a good living...



A Standard Oiler works with \$41,073 worth of tools

It has long been known that the better a man's tools, the more he can produce and earn.

The farmer with one plow and a horse cannot produce anywhere near as much as today's farmer with a gang plow and a tractor. And today's oilman is a far more efficient producer of good products than ever in history...because he is backed by a tremendous investment in tools.

Every one of the 29,970 employees of Standard of California and our subsidiary companies has behind him \$41,073 worth of equipment. With it, he produces more and earns more than ever before—his average income last year was \$4083.81 in wages.

It is our responsibility to keep his "kit of tools" in excellent shape and provide more if he needs them. To that end, \$450,000,000 has been invested in new plants and facilities since the close of the war.





Saludos!

and best wishes from
La Reina de la
Puerto de Los Angeles...

**The Best Port
to Ship TO and THROUGH**

PORT OF LOS ANGELES
Planned and Built for Shipping

BOARD OF HARBOR COMMISSIONERS
City Hall, Los Angeles 12, Calif.

Corner Rocket

was painful to Allen's sensitive ear drum. Allen cleared his throat.

"It's a long story," he started. "This friend of mine came in. . ."

"I don't give a God damn about your excuses," his boss cut in. "I just want to know where the hell you've been. I've been trying to get hold of you for 20 minutes!"

Allen stood for a long moment, then took off his hat, sat down, and started to talk into the telephone.

JOHN BECKLER

• • • •

To people who worked on the Post-Record in the sunset of its glorious history, 1935 always will be recalled as the Year of the Big Shudder.

The Big Shudder was a monstrous thing to behold, and all who witnessed

it experienced minor, sympathy shudders of varying degrees—like a cluster of little atom bombs erupting in the towering shadow of a hydrogen bomb explosion.

In those days the Post-Record had a colorful managing editor, answering to the name of Jim Richardson, whose personality had a profound influence on the newspaper, not to mention its effect on the hardy little band of editorial geniuses that daily conceived, labored and delivered the Post-Record.

It was frequently said of Richardson in those times that his rough exterior hid a heart of gold—an original saying thought up by one of the rewrite men. However, after numerous picks had been broken in an effort to reach this rumored Mother Lode, one member of the cast finally came up with the notion that the M. E.'s reserve could be melted by titillating his renowned sense of humor.

The Big Shudder was a direct outgrowth of that decision.

April 1 was close at hand, and two young editorial artists, Bob Moore and Alan Ferber, got their heads together

and came up with what, in most newspaper offices, is loosely termed as a helluva gag.

Kicking around the office for no little time had been a photo of a nudist camp queen playing softball. Apparently an athletic creature, the unadorned young woman was stopped by the camera in the midst of a swing at a fast-breaking curve ball over the outside corner.

(continued on page 11)



WORLD LEADER IN JETS

The Lockheed Aircraft Corporation is the largest producer of jet aircraft in the world.

Lockheed's five-year continuous production of practical jet airplanes almost equals the total output of all other U. S. manufacturers combined.

The world's first mass producer of jets, Lockheed established this leadership with the F-80 *Shooting Star*, America's first operational jet airplane. This fighter, like other Lockheed jets (the T-33 two-place jet trainer and the new F-94 interceptor), is noted for its speed, versatility and strength.

Carrying on this tradition is the newest member of the Lockheed jet family, the rugged, twin-engined F-90 Jet Penetration Fighter, now undergoing evaluation tests by the U. S. Air Force.

This broad experience in the development of practical jet aircraft is invaluable in the Lockheed laboratories where the designs of the future are taking shape today.



LOCKHEED

Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California
Look to Lockheed for Leadership



Corner Rocket

What the photo lacked in grace and composition, it more than made up for in its startling effect on the viewer. In short, it was a daisy.

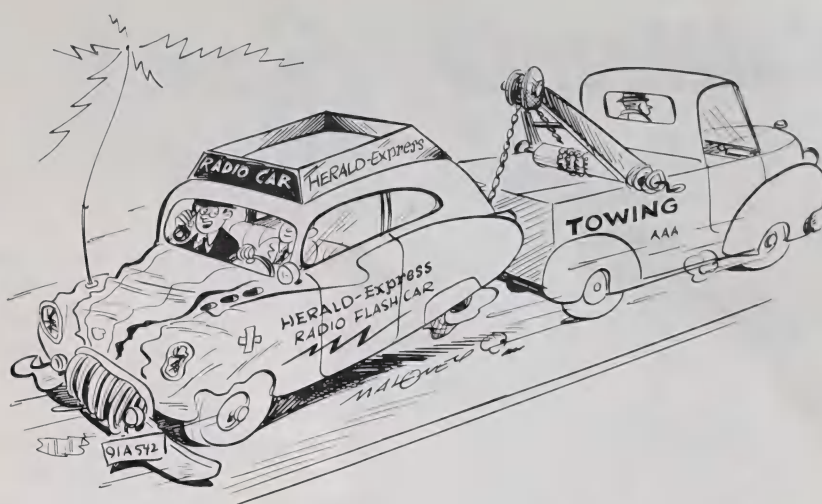
This was to be the April Fool gag of the century.

A willing engraver went along with the plot, making up a three column cut of the photographic obscenity to the same size as the page one art scheduled for the first edition on April 1. Proofs of the engraving were secretly made and carefully cut out.

Appropriate captions and cutlines were written for the little gem and also were proofed. All that remained was to await press time for the first edition.

A young office boy, name of Jerry Ramlow, was let in on the gag, and he delayed delivery of the papers to the editorial room until the two artists, by use of rubber cement, were able to stick down the nude photo neatly over the more sanitary page one art. This was done to only two copies of the paper.

Ramlow put one of the adulterated copies of the paper on Richardson's desk. The other he placed before Charlie Judson, city editor whose desk



"YES, AGGIE, WE'RE COMMING IN FROM PARADISE NOW!"

faced that of Richardson. Judson, of course, was in on the pitch.

Richardson took one unbelieving look at page one, and his glance immediately snapped across to Judson. The latter was studiously reading a department store ad on the back page in order to afford Richardson's vision a clear shot at the doctored front page of the paper he was holding.

At about this point the big shudder started.

It really began before the Richardson posterior left his chair, taking form in his heels, as most people recall. By the time he reached an erect stance he was undulating well and with an increasing tempo. Somewhere below his diaphragm there developed

a rumble that grew like an earthquake sound and when it cleared his vocal cords, it emerged as a thunderous:

"Stop the presses!"

The windows rattled, light fixtures swayed but the editorial crew went calmly about its business as if no sound had been made.

A hysterical note crept into the managing editor's voice as he screamingly repeated his command relative to the presses. Only this time he directed it dead-bang at the office boy, who seemed to be the only sane looking object in a world suddenly gone mad.

Ramlow blankly and uncomprehendingly returned Richardson's maniacal gaze.

The Big Shudder by now had reached its apex, and the satellite shudders were beginning to crack up into mirthful manifestations. Gradually it dawned on Richardson that he had been had.

The Big Shudder subsided into an uncontrolled quiver, whereupon he withdrew his presence to regain composure out of sight of his treacherous staff. He didn't come back until after the third edition.

By PHIL GARRISON

• • • • •

As usual, things were popping around The Examiner Sports Department's copy desk.

The boys (Mel Gallagher, Bob Hunter and Melvin Durslag) were gingerly handling the hot copy dealt by I.

(continued on page 12)



"IF YOU'RE AN INQUIRING REPORTER WHY AREN'T YOU CURIOUS?"

California Bank

LOS ANGELES



**AN INDUSTRIAL
BUSINESS-MINDED
BANK**

It has been our privilege and pleasure to have spent another year working with and for the Greater Los Angeles Press Club.

**BISHOP
AND
ASSOCIATES,
INC.**

Corner Rocket

And, as usual, the boys were a wee bit on the hungry side.

So, again, (as usual), they persuaded one of the fleet journalistic juniors (a copy boy) to hit the stairs in quest of sandwiches and coffee.

He returned pronto, loaded down with goodies.

The return change amounted to 30 cents, but the copy laddie, in his haste to return to his duties, forgot to pick up the change, which was meant for a tip.

The three silver dimes lay on the desk for more than an hour, shining in the glare of the fluorescent lights.

I suddenly noticed the wealth on the desk and asked, "who belongs to this?"

"It's for the boy—a tip," said Gallagher.

This is a tip, I pondered.

"Leave it to I, we'll really help the kid and build this up to a small fortune. The boy will be truly grateful. Let's bet this on a nag called Free Soul, yes?"

The wager was made, and, Lo and Behold, Free Soul came prancing in at \$4.80 for \$2, and the kid, still in the dark as to his tip, now had the stunning sum of 72 cents to his credit.

"Let's keep goin'," firmly declared I. "Durslag, you pick a horse for the kid."

"Okay," said Mel. Let's put it on Ike's Glory in the sixth, 70 cents to show, and if it wins, we'll put the bundle on Citation.

The boy suddenly appeared in the Sports Department, and immediately, he was informed of his good fortune.

"Isn't that grand, kiddie," chorused the boys in Sports. "You'll have nothing but diamonds after this one."

And, with that, the baby-faced and innocent office boy reached into his hip pocket and came forth with half a dozen scratch sheets and Bernard's Handicap. He perused the figures, scowled, and muttered something



about not liking Ike's Glory—the Sports boys' sterling selection.

Minutes later, the result came floating in on the teletype.

No, it wasn't Ike's Glory, but a thing called Torello at \$11.40.

The office boy was right there, but instead of appearing unhappy, he was beaming.

"Fellows, I had a double jaw on the winner—but thanks for trying."

There was considerable silence on the part of the smart boys in the Sports Department. We had been slickered.

SAM T. P. SCHNITZER

• • •

Hollywood is forever being accused of using well-worn plots, but off-screen stories in movieland are cliches, too. By now most of the interviews the movie stars give out sound the same.

(continued on page 14)



Ever wonder who runs the oil companies?



1. If you ask the average American to tell you who runs this country, he'll answer that the people do. He may qualify that some by admitting that the President, the Congress and the other officials in Washington make the day-to-day decisions. But he knows that in the final analysis it the people's vote and the people's opinion that really determine how our country shall be run.



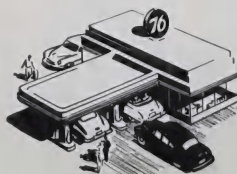
2. Ask the average American to tell you who runs American business and 9 times out of 10 he'll tell you it's "management" or "Wall Street" or "Big Business." Actually, the American people have *far more voice* in the conduct of American business than they have in the conduct of American government. Because they cast thousands of times as many personal votes on it each year!



3. For example, every time an American in our marketing territory buys 5 gallons of gasoline he casts a "vote" for or against Union Oil Company, its products or its services. During the course of each week, practically every one of the 5-million-odd car owners in our territory "votes" at least once on this issue. At the same time, several million more "votes" are being cast that week on the hundreds of other products we make.



4. The combined total of these "votes" by the people in this country determines Union's *entire course of action*—whether it shall be big or small, whether it shall expand its drilling operations or curtail them, whether it must raise its prices or lower them, whether it shall succeed or fail.



5. When you realize that this voting on Union Oil Company policy (and the policies of all American business) is going on constantly 24 hours a day—the "ayes" with a resounding ring of the cash register, the "nays" with an equally resounding silence—you begin to understand that the person who actually runs American business is *you*, the American customer. Furthermore, you "vote" thousands of times oftener each year on the conduct of American business than on the conduct of the American government.

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 17, 1890

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 17, California.

SALUTING



last year's
award winners,
and

ANNOUNCING



TWA's

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL
AVIATION WRITING
AND PICTURE COMPETITION
for work produced in 1950

Each year TWA sponsors this cash award competition for the recognition of the excellence of craftsmanship in the presentation of the story of commercial aviation to the American public.

Plan now to submit an entry for 1950. There are four writing divisions, with three awards in each. Material published between Sept. 15, 1949, and Sept. 15, 1950, or manuscripts in galley form scheduled for later release, are eligible for judging. All entries must be postmarked no later than Sept. 15, 1950. Decision of the board of judges will be final.

WRITING DIVISIONS

OPEN CLASS: Open to all newspaper, press association and syndicate writers in the United States.

SELECTIVE CLASS: Open only to writers on newspapers of 100,000 circulation or less.

MAGAZINE AND BOOK WRITERS' TROPHY: Open to all regular writers for aviation magazines or feature writers and authors of books who specialize in aviation.

TECHNICAL WRITING TROPHY: Open to both newspaper and magazine writers. Entries may deal with engineering, navigation, transportation or similar technical phases of industry.

Send all inquiries and entries to TWA WRITING
and PICTURE COMPETITION — Room 242 —
630 Fifth Avenue — New York 20, New York.

Corner Rocket

After being interviewed 4,678 times, a picture profile runs out of things to say. He or she thus keeps on hand a mittful of stock statements which have been subject to relentless erosion since the movies began.

The often revived "My-figure-is-even-more-perfect-since-I-had-my-baby" interview was used most recently by Esther Williams. This also was news when Betty Grable said it last year. Miss G. at the time attributed her fine figure to the joys of motherhood.

An actress divorcing an actor explains two stars can't get along. When she marries another actor she says that statement is a Hollywood myth. Directors

and writers have a lovely antique comment about the front office stepping on their toes. Producers and executives are allotted two aged interviews: "You just don't understand the problems of our great industry," and, "Hollywood is like any other small town only when stars get in trouble everybody hears about it . . ."

When stars do get in trouble, their unfailing stock interview is, "No comment."

Even television has a cliché already: "Television isn't technically perfect yet, but when it is, I'll be in it . . ."

ALINE MOSBY



As a woman reporter of the Daily News Drama Dept., I hold the uncontested position of having reviewed more stripteasers than any male member of our staff. Of my varied assignments as a reviewer, this distinction is not of my making. It's just that when assignments come up the boys seem to be busily engaged writing about the more dressy art of "drammer." Scared? Huh?

My work, I feel, has not been in vain. A woman wrote me to ask how she could learn a striptease's routine in order to keep her spouse at home. It seems he frequented burlesque

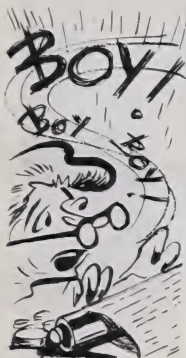


shows
encour
have a
of my
home,



Corner Rocket

shows too often. Things like this are encouraging; it makes me feel as if I have a part in the marital adjustment of my readers—saving the American home, so to speak.



During the run of the burlesque shows at the Mayan Theater a year ago, I occasionally found the need for an escort purely to gain an objective masculine viewpoint. Many afternoons I left the office with one of our youthful copy boys to take in the "take-off" shows. It's not true that I demoralized the copy boy staff as I was playfully kidded.

Recently at a beauty contest for California's "Sun Girl," I unofficially picked the winner long before the judges had made their decision. I obviously learned a few facts about figures.

There's a string attached to everything.

MARIE MESMER

The richer, finer
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
An American Favorite

Best value in America!
"—and the finest-tasting whiskey
of its type in America!"

Behind every bottle over 100 years of knowing How!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

SAVE
all ways

FLYING A SERVICE

AT HELPFUL ASSOCIATED DEALERS

TIDE-WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY



Bethlehem Pacific's Los Angeles Plant on East Randolph Street, Vernon, will soon have a production capacity of 325,000 tons of steel ingots per year.

STEELMAKING *in Southern California*

Bethlehem Pacific's self-contained steel plant at Los Angeles is one of three that this company operates on the West Coast.

Complete in every respect, it is a nearby source of many basic steel products for industrial users located in Southern California and Arizona.

This plant's steelmaking facilities include three 50-ton open-hearth furnaces and one 50-ton electric furnace, whose combined capacities total 200,000 tons of ingots per year. This capacity will be stepped up to 325,000 tons in the near future by the addition

of a 75-ton electric furnace, one of the nation's largest. The steel ingots manufactured at the Los Angeles Plant are processed into many products, including bars, rods, angles, wire, miscellaneous sections, bolts, nuts and special fastenings.

The operations of the Los Angeles Plant are closely coordinated with the activities of other Bethlehem Pacific Plants at South San Francisco and Seattle. All three are directed by an organization geared for the production of more high-quality steel products for the growing industries of the Far West.

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ing Pat O'H
TEKEL" or



SECOND ANNUAL 8 BALL FINAL



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GREATER LOS ANGELES PRESS CLUB
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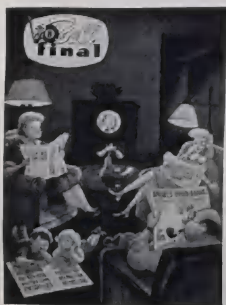
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THE COVER



The cover—drawn by Art Director Bob Moore of the Daily News—represents the typical reaction of typical people to a typical TV program in a typical L. A. home. This was after reading Pat O'Hara's "MENE TEKEL" on page 56.

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REPORT FROM THE CHAIRMAN

The Greater Los Angeles Press Club, a Gargantuan youngster, is going into its fourth year harried by many problems, most of them caused by growing pains.

Its phenomenal growth, both in membership and importance, is a matter of record.

Now, however, the novelty of having a Press Club is gone. The long and tedious task of building a lasting structure has begun.

Every action of the Board of Directors has been directed toward this goal.

The year now ending has been critical, perhaps more so than many members realize.

It has shown, first, that while the club is on a solid financial basis, it cannot grow without the continuous support of the majority of its members.

This, in turn, has shown the need for a more varied program of club activities, one that will draw members into the club in greater numbers.

And it has re-emphasized a fact we long have known, that the club's present facilities are inadequate.

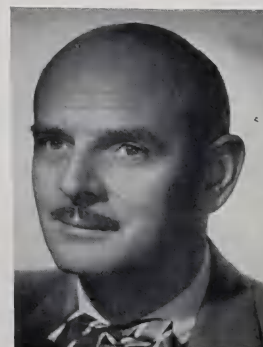
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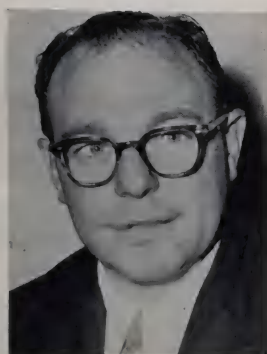
John B. Elliot



Jack Cravens



Nelson Pringle



John Rose



Robert Neeb



"Red" Humphreys



ABOVE IS CENOTAPH CREATED BY FOREST LAWN, FOREWORD BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, DEDICATED BY ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. HALSEY, APRIL 26, 1950.

DR. HUBERT EATON, CHAIRMAN LEONARD RIBLETT AND ADMIRAL HALSEY REVIEW THE NAMES OF 44 FRONT LINE REPORTERS ON THE CENOTAPH AFTER THE CEREMONIES AT FOREST LAWN. FRANK FILAN, PULITZER PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHER, AT RIGHT.

IN MEMORIAM

The nation's first memorial to war correspondents was the Press Club's outstanding accomplishment of the year.

With tributes from Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey and General of the Armies Dwight D. Eisenhower, a cenotaph in Forest Lawn memorial park, Glendale, was dedicated Sunday, April 16. Halsey spoke to a nationwide radio audience.

The famed skipper of the Third Fleet told of months spent in close association with correspondents; of his respect for them and the manner in which they went, unarmed, where the going was toughest. Thorough and accurate reporting of a war, within the bounds of security, is a must for home front morale, he said.

Eisenhower's words, inscribed on the bronze plaque with the 44 names of front line reporters who died in the war, read:

"This memorial honors the integrity and selflessness of all who served mankind by accurate and dispassionate appraisal of world events in peace or war; it is dedicated to the perpetual memory of those whose courageous adherence to an ideal in the battle zones of World War II made a final headline at the cost of their lives."

In addition to Halsey, speakers at the impressive ceremonies included Press Club Chairman Leonard Riblett and Dr. Hubert Eaton, chairman of Forest Lawn.

The memorial culminated three years of work by a committee headed by Club Secretary John S. Rose (Examiner), assisted by Sparky Saldana (Daily News), Rudy Villaseñor (Times), John Von der Heide (Mirror), Art McCarroll (Herald-Express) and Ted Schoening (Forest Lawn).

Los Angeles county newspapermen listed are:

(continued on page 93)

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FRED

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★ ★ ★ THE NEWS STORIES OF THE YEAR

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FRED STROBLE

Even in a big city, a year can go by without a terrific story . . . without a story that's even a big story, except for a few hours. And a few hours can get lost easily over a whole year.

This was a year without a big story. No explosions or earthquakes, no fires or floods. No drama of Kathy Fiscus to capture a world's attention.

Only a depraved old man, with trembling hands and pasty face and the muddled mind of a wino. And a friendly little girl who never again will race away in search of a playmate and find instead a makeshift grave in a rubbish pile.

Time is a strange thing. In perspective, the big story may turn out to be something overlooked at such close range. It might be the beginning of the end for the movies. Or the start of a depression. Or the discovery of a formula for unbreakable eyeglasses. Even the failure of the Mickey Cohen bombing may one day prove to be of great social significance.

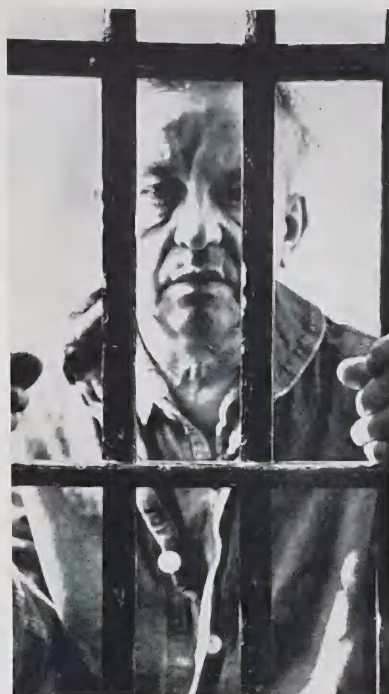
But not now. This year it's just Stroble.

It would be nice to think that, somehow, shaky old Fred Stroble unwittingly will have made this a safer place for other five-year-olds . . . that the needless garroting and butchery of little Linda Glucoft will bring something more permanent than fleeting honors to a sharp-eyed laundryman and a rookie cop willing to believe that a man hunted over half a continent could be quietly guzzling beer a few steps from Pershing Square.

Maybe Stroble will have left something of value. Maybe there will be stricter watch on sexopaths. Maybe the courts will frighten others by giving the same speedy justice in all sex cases. Maybe parents will take a new view, will see to it that other budding Strobles aren't set free to mutilate and kill the next time. Maybe there will be a lasting echo from all the hue and cry.

But so far it's an almost inaudible whisper.

PETE ARTHUR



STROBLE AND BARS



BERGMAN AND KID

INGRID BERGMAN

The Bergman-Rossellini-Lindstrom tangle happened — mostly — in Italy. Even the city limits of Los Angeles don't stretch that far.

While the actress and her director engaged in that extra-marital romance on Stromboli, her husband, Dr. Lindstrom, maintained a dignified and unbreakable silence in Los Angeles. He was no help at all. A spokesman for the doctor, John Vernon, did very little speaking. Mostly it was a field day for the Hollywood gossips.

Then Louella Parsons broke her story — Ingrid was going to have a baby. How she got that one is still a matter of conjecture and teeth-gritting. The Rome axis of the affair, Bergman and Rossellini, refused to confirm or deny Miss Parsons' scoop. Renzo Rossellini, Roberto's little brother, showed up in Hollywood and treated the press to a lengthy stalling session while he presumably called Rome and tried to learn the truth of the matter. On the non-Hearst papers, there was a bit of gloating over what a colossal libel suit would be slapped on the Examiner and its sisters if Ingrid proved to be unpregnant.

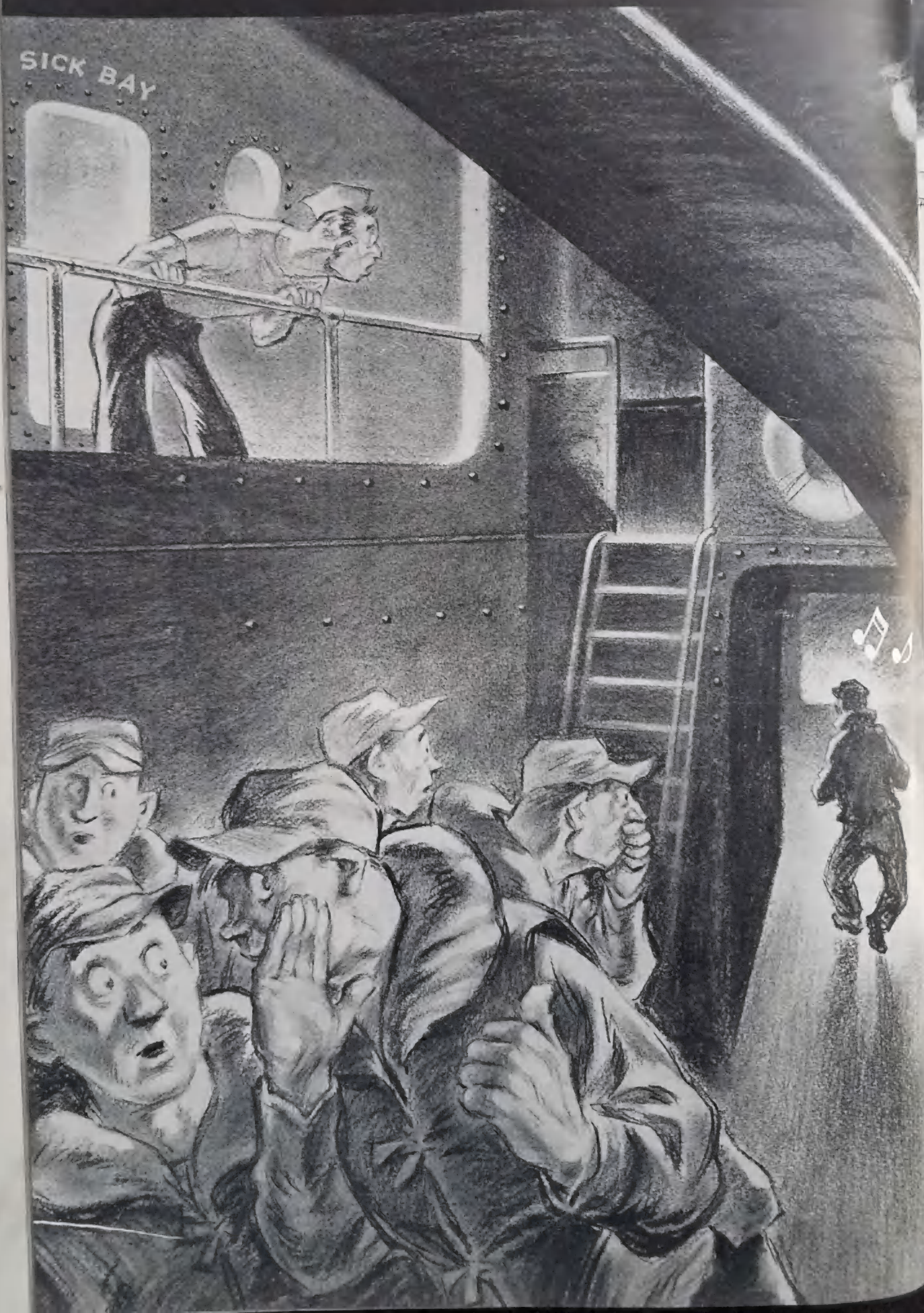
Then came the flashes and bulletins from Rome. UP and INS said a son had been born to Ingrid in a Rome clinic. AP refused to confirm the birth report and would only quote an Italian news agency as saying it had taken place. Editors with only AP service wrestled with the problem of what to print, and most of them took a chance. It turned out that Ingrid was pregnant after all.

Most people sympathized with Ingrid and — after eagerly gobbling up every item about her condition and private life — expressed resentment at all the notoriety she was receiving in the press. Still, it was difficult to make a romantic heroine out of the lady who had deserted her husband and child for the lurid episode in Italy.

The big local headlines went to Fred Stroble and Ingrid Bergman, but it was a pretty dull year all the same.

DICK O'CONNOR

★ ★ ★ PRIZE WINNING SHORT STORY ★ ★



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THE RUMOR



by Darr Smith

Illustrated by Karl Hubenthal

Christmas Day 1944—18 days out of San Francisco—the U. S. Army Transport S.S. Topolobampo Bay sat dead in the sea within sight of a Japanese base. They were fixing her turbines.

"Fine place to pull an overhaul job," muttered Pfc. Adam Adamszyk. "We travel clear across the Pacific Ocean, which contains much openwork space; but they wait until we move into this nice, cinch position to blow out the old tub's tubes."

Next to him on the forward hatch sat Pvt. Corthell Finney, reading "Sanctuary," by William Faulkner. To Adamszyk he said, "You are an alarmist. The Japs in that place are so beaten up you could knock them over with an old corn cob. I know. I read of these things."

"Maybe so," answered Adamszyk, "but there was a wonderful place about 500 miles back without a rock in sight. Now that's the place I buy for tearing down a turbine."

The ship rocked regularly from stem to stern. With no forward motion to push her through the swells, she rode up over the top of each and down into the gully of the next. The men were getting sick. They were getting bored and irritable.

On the bridge, Army officers lay sprawled in shorts, talking to the half dozen Army nurses on board. Adamszyk glanced upward to them.

"Look at them bums!" he sneered. "All showing off their saggy bellies, thinking the dames are admiring their shoulders."

"You are bitter, friend Popeye," answered Finney. "Instead of being covetous, why don't you take vicarious pleasure in the happiness of our leaders?" Then pointing, "Of those guys up there, I mean."

Adamszyk got excited. "What do you mean vicarious pleasure? I can't get near them nurses for any kind of pleasure and you know it. That restricted deck is guarded like Fort Knox. There's one guy in the brig right now for trying to date a nurse. Just for trying to date her."

"Where would they go," queried Corthell, "for this—ah—date?"

"I don't know. But that ain't the point. It's class discrimination. Besides, the nurse whose husband got on at the last stop—they had a place to go, didn't they? Didn't they? And I suppose any enlisted man whose wife was on this crate would be allowed to get on and travel to the next stop with her."

Yeh, I suppose so!"

"You are an obscurantist and a diversionist," said Finney. "Also you accentuate the negative." He nodded toward one end of the bridge. "Look at them up there. Happy as honey-mooners. Doesn't that make you glad just to be alive?"

Up where he looked, First Lieutenant Emma Anderson lightly held the arm of her husband, Second Lieutenant Harold Anderson. They talked easily, contentedly—idly watching the nothing that was happening all around them.

"Why the hell should they make me happy?" asked Adamszyk. "They look satisfied. And I'm not satisfied!"

Then he looked at Finney. "Say, Finney," he said, "when you were back in the states, did you ever see any of this sex all of the fellows are talking about?"

Finney eased himself off the hatch cover, rubbed his chin. "Let's see," he said. "Sex, hmmm; no, sorry, never heard of it." Then he gave a slight wave of his hand and said, "See you later; got something to do." He lurched off on the bias, walking sideways with the rise of the swell. He disappeared down a companionway.

Two minutes later he was at the door to the ship's dispensary. The medics were playing the hospital phonograph, using records from the sick bay. In the sick bay itself, 50 feet down the passageway, the patients sweated in silence.

(continued on page 108)



DARR SMITH

Darr entered newspaper business as a copyboy. (L.A. Evening News, 1935.) Cub reporter within three weeks. Gen. assignment, picture editorship, WAR and finally city editorship. Returned to Daily News drama dept. as columnist.

WHERE'S EVERYBODY?

by Bob Hope



All I know is what I read in the papers. And after reading today's, I'm ready to go out and kill myself.

With all that talk about A-H-H/T and X bombs, I've been standing in front of the mirror for days practicing how to say "Where's everybody?". But I see where these uncertain times brought about some progress. One South American country now has a long-playing record, too. They have forty-five revolutions a minute . . . it says here.

Which reminds me, I write a column, too. "It Says Here" is the name. And the day after it first appeared, somebody wrote that at last the Fourth Estate had an executer. (What a dif-

ference an "o" makes . . . especially before a decimal point.)

Before my first column, Winchell, Pegler and Eleanor all shook hands with me. After it appeared, they all shook hands with each other.

You know, I had to study everyone's style before I could write. (After three weeks, I learned to spell c-a-t.) But I wasn't prepared for the way the various columns carried the news of my accident.

You see, some people have a car you step down into. I have one you climb up trees after. I have a Cadillac that stops on a dime, and the dime was right under an elm.

The next day, Drew Pearson reported: "Bob Hope had an auto ac-

cident near Palm Springs. I predict: he will see a doctor!"

Winchell had it: "Bob Hope was attacked by one of the 269,000 armored divisions Russia has stationed in the Imperial Valley."

The Daily Worker: Capitalist swine attacks worker's tree.

Louella wrote: Bob Hope and his shoulder have separated after 39 years.

And Westbrook Pegler said: Bob Hope, if that's his right name, was in an accident on his way home from a Robeson concert . . . with Eleanor. And the Christian Science Monitor said: It didn't really happen, you know.

I like being a newspaperman, but radio is my big field . . . Paramount

(continued on page 111)



This year it's Kipper. Those legs, we're told, are insured for a hundert G. Their owner performed a dancing chore. She's from Philadelphia. Her 2 yrs. in Hollywood gained roles in 16 films. is shown here on a "Cooks?" tour of the Pre-



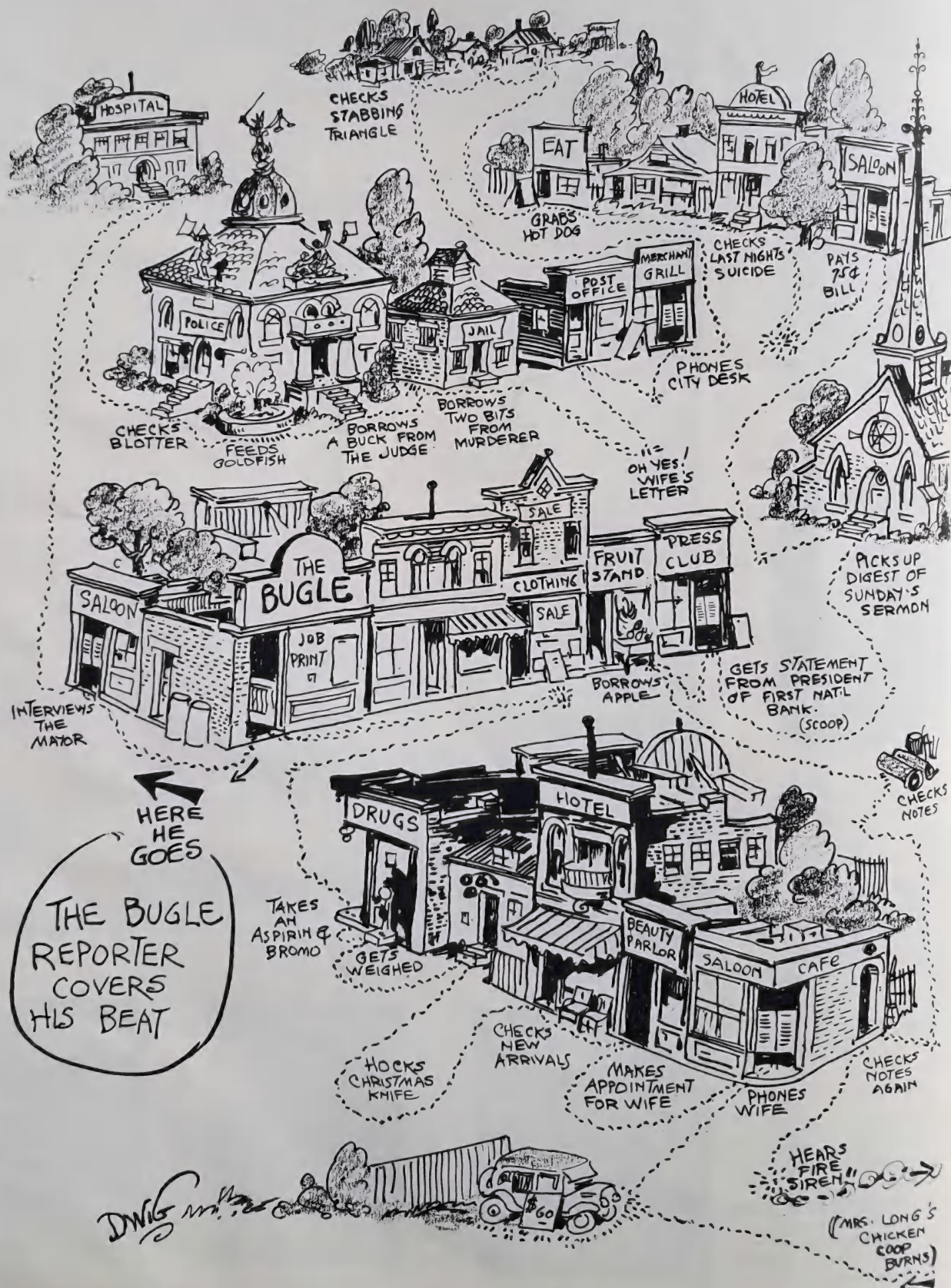
Miss 8 Ball final

This year it's Kippee Valez. Those legs, we're told, were insured for a hundred G's while their owner performed a recent dancing chore. She's from Philadelphia. Her 2 yrs. in Hollywood gained roles in 16 films. Kippee is shown here on a "What Cooks?" tour of the Press Club.



"Footprints on the sands of time"

by
Clare
Dwiggins



"AN

Cockfighting may be the little piece of the sports writer's life that even that far. I do know thirty years ago on the sports newspapers great and good story stated that of interest Oregon Town would build 60,000.

On the day



"AND THEN THERE WUZ..."

by Deke Houlgate

Illustrated by Jack Manning

A fifty year box-score on the guys who hustle with the men of muscle.

Cockfighting and impromptu horse racing may have made verbal news in the little pueblo of Los Angeles as much as one hundred years ago but sports writers became fixtures on local newspapers less than fifty years back. And it would be hazy here-say to dip even that far into the past.

I do know that just a little over thirty years ago a small item appearing on the sports pages of Los Angeles newspapers hinted the approach of a great and golden era. Tersely, the story stated that Pasadena, on the basis of interest shown in the Harvard-Oregon Tournament of Roses game, would build a big stadium to seat 60,000.

On the day of that handout sports

editors had already begun to forget football for the next nine months as they swung into action with comments on those old reliables, baseball and boxing.

The famed H. M. "Beanie" Walker of the Examiner was packing his column, sometimes labeled "Wisdom-O-Blinkey Ben" and at other times "An Ear To The Ground," with discussions of professional fights and fighters. Warde Fowler of the Times, Harry Grayson of the Express, Fayne Norton of the Herald and Ed Moriarty of the Record pounded away with talk about the squared ring, professional baseball and that new craze . . . automobile and motorcycle racing.

(continued on page 28)



Several writers were rather overwhelmed at the moment because 25,000 fans had turned out to watch the two-wheeled machines roar around Ascot; and there were pictures in all of the papers showing progress on the new board track which was being built far out in the suburbs where Beverly Hills and West Los Angeles now melt together.

As a young employee on the Ventura Free Press, I bridged the gaps between infrequent assignments and odd jobs by poring over the sports pages of Los Angeles papers which flooded in each day. Before long I moved to Los Angeles in quest of an education at the University of Southern California, then known as the little Methodist school out near Exposition Park.

My heroes continued to be the by-line writers of the big town papers... men who covered such events as an Occidental-USC track meet or a Vernon-Los Angeles baseball game. I had heard of such real old-timers as Jay Davidson of the Herald, Huff Durward of the Record and Harry Carr of the Times but the individuals to be rewarded with reverence as they basked at the pinnacle of my journalistic world comprised a new crop.

Harry Williams who covered baseball and football for the Times, Clyde Bruckman of the Examiner, Arch Reeve, Harry Grayson, Harry Brand and Howard Strickling of the Express and Darsie L. Darsie of the Record were the men of the hour.

A few years later I was to meet that arch-individualist, Carr, when he had grown to real stature as an all-around Times columnist. The unforgettable introduction took place in the battered

bird-cage which was an elevator in the weather-beaten Times building at First and Broadway. It happened one evening as I was lifted slowly toward the roof and my job as copyholder in Hal Salada's proof room.

Darsie's double name intrigued then as it does now and he will not know until he reads this sentence how our first meeting—after he had moved to the Herald—thrilled me speechless. The same kindness to or patience with a youngster endeared Harry Williams to me. It was a red, green and purple day when Harry used in his column a paragraph of a letter I had written him.

Francis Perrett, who was one of many to abandon sports writing for satisfying and better paying careers in the motion picture industry, wrote a column or story almost daily in the Express and his words were a "must" because he probably was the first localite to concentrate on the collegians and other amateurs.

Of all of those I looked up to, however, the name of Jerry Pidge was most permanently glued to my memory and all because of a 1920 event. Pasadena's post-season grid games had helped the east and middle west gradually and grudgingly to recognize the far west as a place devoid of Indians. They showed it by awarding the Junior and Senior AAU track and field championships to Pasadena. That was when Pidge became another of my "personalities."

Jerry covered that meet for the Examiner. Several years later he moved to the Times where he has since held forth as the kindly, wise-cracking dean of LA sports scribes.

The fireworks which Jerry and



other writers around town set off before and during that meet had much to do with bringing more national notice to the southland. Charley Paddock, even then a member of the sports writing fraternity and a reporter for the Pasadena Star-News, was the big noise to be trumpeted. Yet the east was aghast when the locals let them in on a secret!

Repeated announcement was made that the sprinting competition would be between Paddock and an SC freshman, Vern Blinkiron! Bernie Wefers, Jr., son of the NYAC coach and a one-time world record-holding dashman, would be lucky to take a third...

That, my friends, was heresy which could be answered only with slurring references to alarm clock timing in the west. Charlie and Vern, of course, made the prophesies stick. Pidge and the rest chortled.

School boy Bud Houser was a weight throwing sensation then and later while other of our preps and collegians were almost as surprising. "Wild Bill" Yount of Redlands proved an ironman during those three days and a young man from San Francisco, Charlie Hunter, won fame as a distance runner when some official lost count of the laps in a long race and gave him a world record time. Since the big ribbon man who erred was from beyond the Mississippi the locals had the last laugh on the officials too.

That meet attracted so many people and aroused so much interest that several powerful civic leaders, including

(continued on page 114)



As a public missioned to of the notori as it happen are fresh in lopheads in Time maga: thrown in t said) my pri Even so, a the case can l particularly i rilous remar powers whic certain of my



CAT ISLAND

by Bill Kennedy

As a public service, I have been commissioned to set down the true history of the notorious Cat Island affair, just as it happened, and while the facts are fresh in my memory, since those lopheads in the New York office of Time magazine have torn up and thrown in the gutter (misaid, they said) my priceless file on the project.

Even so, a fairly accurate account of the case can be expected by the reader, particularly if he disregards the scurrilous remarks about my retentive powers which have been made by certain of my creditors.



The strange forces of destiny which were soon to rock the nation began to take shape in the late afternoon last August 10.

I recall the date vividly, since it was

the date my telephone bill fell due and I decided not to pay it because of an overcharge of \$20.40. It is ridiculous to suspect that a man of my stature in the community would place a long-distance telephone call at 3 a.m. to Dry Prong, La., although I vaguely remember from the war years that there actually is a small town of that name back in the virgin country outside Camp Livingston, La., and that a redhaired beauty operator lived there.

The mistake in the bill was obvious

(continued on page 123)



DAY OFF

• First Mention
Short Story Contest

Joe Wheeler was awake before the alarm clock clattered. "Nuts to you," he jeered. He reached out and shut off the sound. He took a cigarette from the pack on the chair, lighted it and blew smoke rings toward the open window. This was a good beginning, he thought.

This was going to be a fine day. This was his day off—Thursday.

He meant to make every minute his own. Thursday was a good day for a day off. It broke up the week. Friday was quiet on his beat and Saturday passed quickly in anticipation of a free Sunday. It was a good deal, he thought, as he lay propped against the pillow and planned his day.

First an early rising. Funny how he wanted to lie abed on his working days and yet arose willingly on his day off. He had tried to analyze his reasons for it. Maybe it was a kind of challenge to the city desk.

He dressed leisurely. He put on slacks and a sport shirt. No need for a tie on a day like this. The aroma of frying bacon and eggs caressed his mind pleasantly. Breakfast was one of the better parts of a day off. There was no time for it on other days, when he left just in time to catch a bus.

At breakfast Marge reminded him, "How many are you expecting tonight? I want to know so I can get enough stuff when I go shopping."

That was it. He remembered he had invited several men from the Globe for a beer and poker session. There was no occasion for it. Just an idea. After the fourth highball, he suddenly had decided it was a good idea.

"O, my God, I almost forgot. Let me think. Who was at the bar? He called off their names: Harry Walters, Sandy MacDonald, Al Turner, Johnny White and Frankie Newman. Six, including himself. He calculated their capacity for beer. At least a dozen quarts; he had a little whisky to supplement the stronger appetites. Well, that sounded like a good bunch.

He tossed the responsibility for the

(continued on page 126)

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MY LOVE ... was SHOT

by Jack De Beaufort

*"Lived a woman wonderful
(may the Lord amend her),
Neither simple, kind nor true,
But her pagan beauty drew
Christian gentlemen a few
Hotly to attend her."*

Kipling.

My father, after having rescued me from various educational institutions whose headmasters either did not understand or appreciate my talents, placed me in a Dutch military prep school at Nymegen on the Waal.

Among my classmates was Jan Zelle, son of a well-to-do cheese merchant. Scholastically he was the head of the class; socially he did not exist. Jan had a thin time but in his fourth year at the school an incident occurred that changed his status almost overnight. It was done with pictures, and, of a woman!

The lady was Marguerite McLeod, wife of a Dutch Colonial officer on active service in Sumatra and Jan's cousin. Zelle wangled an invitation for us—and a week later our first football eleven, of which I was captain, was invited for 'coffee and cake' at Mrs. McLeod's residence.

Marguerite, 27 at the time, was slender, tallish, graceful as a goddess. She had large dark brown eyes with the longest eyelashes I had ever seen. A profusion of pitch-black hair was neatly arranged in two short thick braids reaching half way to her shoulders. We were thrilled and unanimously proclaimed her the most beautiful creature we had ever laid eyes on. As Zelle pronounced my name, and title of course, she murmured, "A pleasure indeed." Then slowly, raising her right arm, she added: "You may kiss my hand, Captain Jacques."

One afternoon I called on the Princess, my private pet name for her. The maid, explaining that Madame was

slightly indisposed, ushered me into the boudoir. Marguerite, surrounded by pillows, sat propped up in bed. What a picture! Her hair was down. It was spread all over her shoulders and covered almost the entire upper part of her body down to the waist. It was breathtaking. Marguerite, noticing my confusion, mocked: "What's the matter, Jacques, seen a ghost?"

I could only reply: "Your hair... It is gorgeous, heavenly." I said that she reminded me of an old legend I read with descriptions of religious ceremonies, processions of virgins attired only in their long tresses.

Marguerite first pretended to be shocked, then burst out laughing. Drawing back some of the hair covering her bosom, she pointed to the diaphanous nightgown and said: "Well, Jacques, I am wearing a little more than your virgins." Taking a handful of hair, she held it toward me and said: "Would you like to touch it?"

Would I?

I lost my head—flung my arms



The author at military school.



• MARGUERITE

around Marguerite—and kissed her full on the lips.

"Yes" I admitted, then added hastily: "That is . . . er . . . like that."

* * *

This was to be a story of how I became a newspaperman. Yet, like so many stories, it became the story of a woman. But in this case the two were interwoven because it was during one of those charming Saturday evenings Marguerite decided that one of her devotees should be a writer. And I was chosen. My name, with the title, Marguerite believed, would be so impressive.

Happy days, but too good to last. There was a scandal in the air. Our classmate Piet Houten, the oldest boy in the class, had been caught while trying to sneak into the Princess' quarters at 2 a.m.

A few mornings later the bulletin board held an order. It read: MRS. McLEOD'S RESIDENCE IS OUT OF BOUNDS. ANY STUDENT VISITING THERE IN FUTURE WILL BE EXPELLED IMMEDIATELY.

Risking my military future I proceeded to Marguerite's the following

(continued on page 129)



Moments like this made radio beats worthwhile in the thirties. L to R, Gene Inge, Nadine Conner, and Bill Bird. Hollywood's 1950 Radio Row wasn't even a dream.

Back in the early Spring of 1934, when it was becoming increasingly evident that radio could no longer be regarded as just an amusing plaything, newspaper publishers were becoming somewhat belatedly aware of an embarrassing situation: Through their journals, they themselves were fostering the development and expansion of the most threatening competition the newspaper business had yet known.

They resented this intrusion. But they resented even more the invasion of this new and powerful medium of communication into the heretofore unchallenged domain of the fourth estate — the gathering and dissemination of news. They saw FINIS being written to that exciting and romantic era when the aim and end of every newspaperman was to score a beat over the competition. There was no scoring a beat over radio. That was obvious.

Little wonder, then, that when I started covering the radio beat 16 years ago, a radio editor was generally

regarded by his newsroom confreres as meriting a degree less professional respect than the rankest cub on the staff. But in those days of the WPA, a job was a job. More important, it was a weekly pay check. You were both willing and prepared to be philosophical about such things.

Hollywood, at that time, had not yet attained any position of importance whatsoever in the radio world. There were only two national networks extending into this area, the Columbia Broadcasting System and the Red Network of NBC, and all the major transcontinental airshows coming over them originated either in New York City or Chicago. The Mutual chain had not yet come into existence and NBC's Blue network, which was later sold and became the ABC chain, had no L. A. outlet.

Now and then the star of one of these major network shows would come to the Coast on a motion picture assignment, and on these occasions,

THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN ... AGAIN

by Bill Bird

he or she would be "cut in" on the program from this end, broadcasting from the KHJ-Don Lee studios, then serving as the CBS outlet in this area or from the converted sound stage on the RKO movie lot which was maintained as the NBC studio here.

These occasions, however, were as rare as to make a coast-to-coast broadcast from Hollywood something of an event, one that brought the radio editors-columnists out en masse.

Others covering the beat at that time were Bernie Milligan, on the Examiner; Carroll Nye, on the Times; Gene Inge, on the Herald-Express; Ken Frogley, on the Daily News; Homer Canfield of the Glendale News-Press; Zuma Palmer, on the Hollywood Citizen-News, and Vic Noble, on the old Record.

Of these, Nye later moved into a radio spot with the Y & R ad agency and Dale Armstrong took over the radio desk; Frogley went into the News' sports department and was suc-

(continued on page 134)

★ A REPORTER'S GUIDE TO SOCIAL USAGE ★

Never give your first wife a hot ring.

• • •

It is in bad taste to boast of bribes before the city editor, but the photographer should usually be cut in.

• • •

In introducing a friend at a party, one should at least rise to one's knees.

• • •

A boor is a fellow who refers to his exclusives as if they were facts, and they are.

A mark of restraint in ordering alcoholic beverages is to request some sort of "chaser." It can always be accidentally spilled.

• • •

It is considered good form to offer to pay for lunches, etc., shared with others. These expressions may be made in Hindustani, Cantonese or, in rare instances, German.

• • •

In lending money to a friend, it is a violation of confidence to appear in public wearing his shirt.

Improper advances by members of the opposite sex are best dealt with by reporting the matter at once to your druggist.

• • •

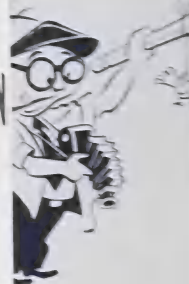
Never ask a lady her record. Look it up.

• • •

At formal gatherings it is best not to point, without first covering the mouth with the other hand and lifting one foot slightly off the floor.

• • •

BOB JOHNSON



ROBERT R. Time

Bob hails from Long the L. A. Times in Gabriel with his children. He is



RAY JOHNSON

The chief of Universal photographic department to Hollywood in '22. Ray turns out 2000

8-BALL FINAL

Honor Gallery



The title, 'HONOR GALLERY', may well be a summary of the finest newspaper photography in the nation. Los Angeles photographers have consistently won awards in almost every national photo contest. The judges of the 2nd edition of the 8-BALL FINAL in fairness believed that the numerous photographs entered should be judged in at least a dozen separate categories. However, and for the simple reasons of expediency, cost and survey, the 8-BALL FINAL presents in two sections those judged best in NEWS, SPORTS and FEATURE.

THE WINNERS...



ROBERT RITCHIE
Times

Bob hails from Long Beach. He joined the L. A. Times in '39. Lives in San Gabriel with his wife and three children. He is a radio 'Ham'.



NEIL CLEMANS
Mirror

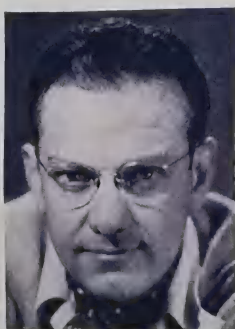
Born and raised in Seattle, Washington. He was on the Valley Times for 18 months and then to the Mirror. Neil favors sports assignments.



ROBERT HECHT
Examiner

Bob came from Pittsburgh in 1920 and settled in Huntington Park. In '34 he came to the L.A. Examiner. His hobby is color movie photography.

THE JUDGES...



RAY JONES

The chief of Universal-International's photographic department. He came to Hollywood in '22. With thirty men, Ray turns out 20,000 prints a week.



CLARENCE BULL

Dean of Hollywood stillmen and first to glamourize screen stars. Bull has been behind the lens at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios for 26 years.



ERNEST BACHRACH

RKO Studio has enjoyed Bachrach's work the past 23 years. Landed his first motion picture job as stillman for the Famous Players-Lasky Studios.



MY BABY
Robert Hecht
Examiner
BEST NEWS SHOT



NO GAME TODAY
Bob Ritchie
Times
BEST FEATURE SHOT



GET IT!
 Neil Clemans
 Mirror
BEST SPORTS SHOT



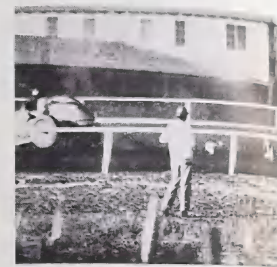
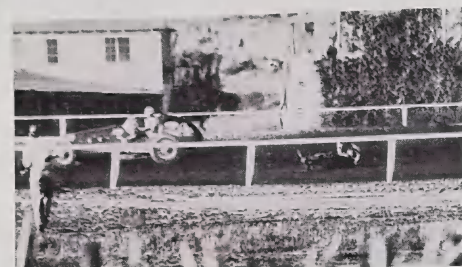
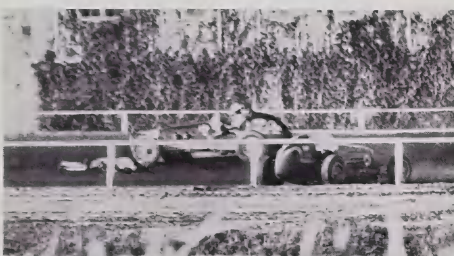
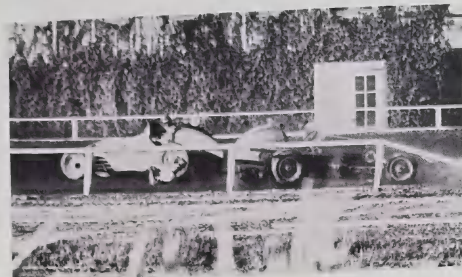
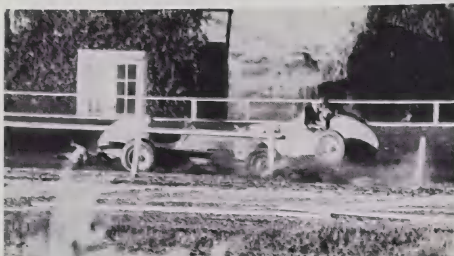
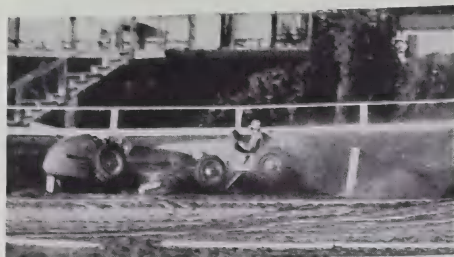
GET GOING!
 Delmar Watson
 Mirror
 1st Mention
NEWS



HOPE
Ferdie Olmo
Examiner
1st Mention
FEATURE



BASES LOADED
Joe Rustan
Examiner
1st Mention
SPORTS



REX MAYS' DEATH RIDE

Phil Bath

Times

Special Mention

SPORTS



WISHING

Delmar Watson

Mirror

2nd Mention

FEATURE



PLEASE GOD—
Phil Glickman
Examiner
2nd Mention
NEWS



WAIT A MINUTE
Hal Jensen
Examiner
2nd Mention
SPORTS



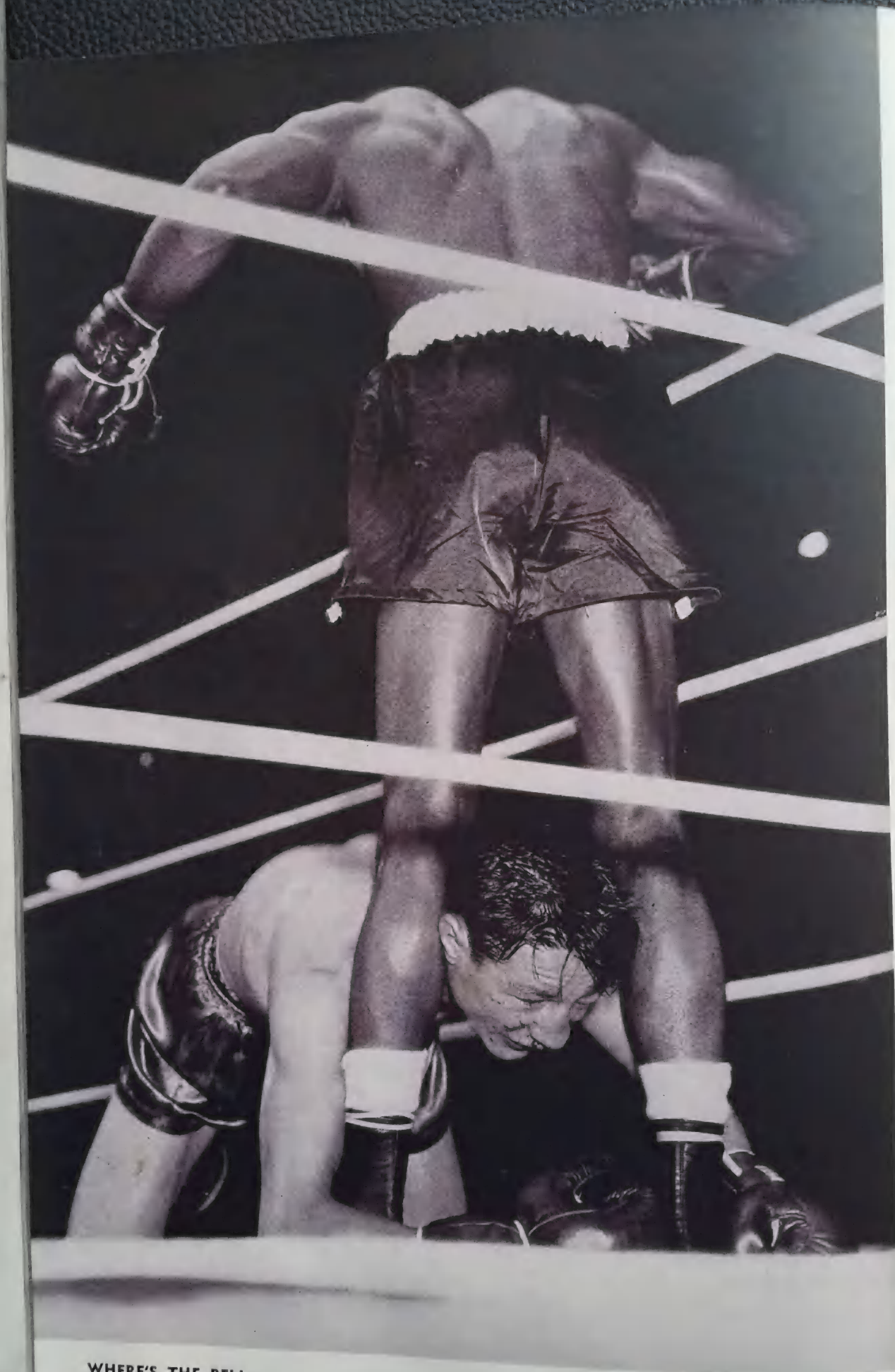
TIGHT SQUEEZE
Ferdie Olmo
Examiner



HIZZONER
Bob Hecht
Examiner



H-m-m-m
Joe Rustan
Examiner



WHERE'S THE BELL
Al Monteverde
Examiner

BANG! BA
Conrad Me
Examiner

MOR
MOE
Bill N
Times



BANG! BANG!
Conrad Mercurio
Examiner

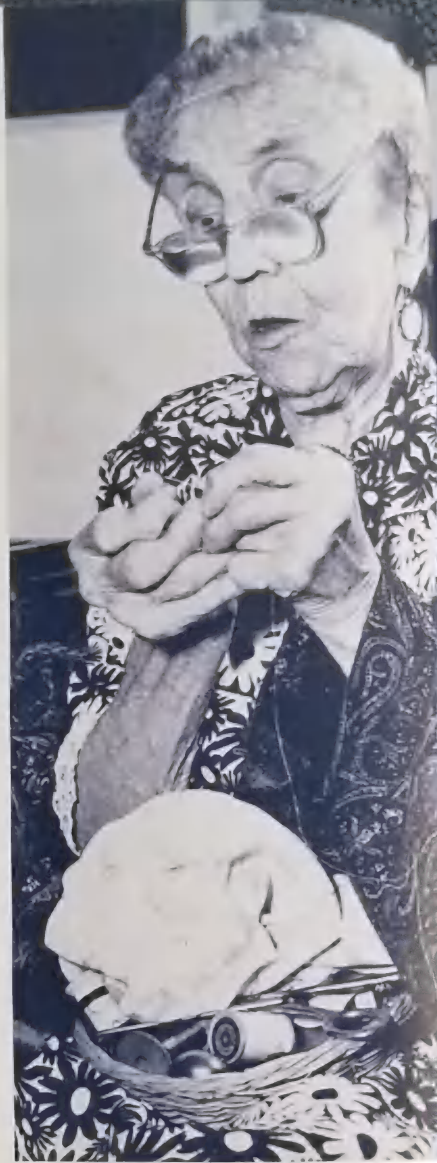


**MORGUE BOUND
MOBSTER**
Bill Murphy
Times



JUDGED INSANE

Buck Forbes
Examiner



LAPS DOWN
Neil Clemens
Mirror

T FOR THE ROAD
Olmo

EYE FOR AN EYE

Felix Paegel
Examiner



ZEROED IN
Hal Jensen
Examiner





FLAPS DOWN

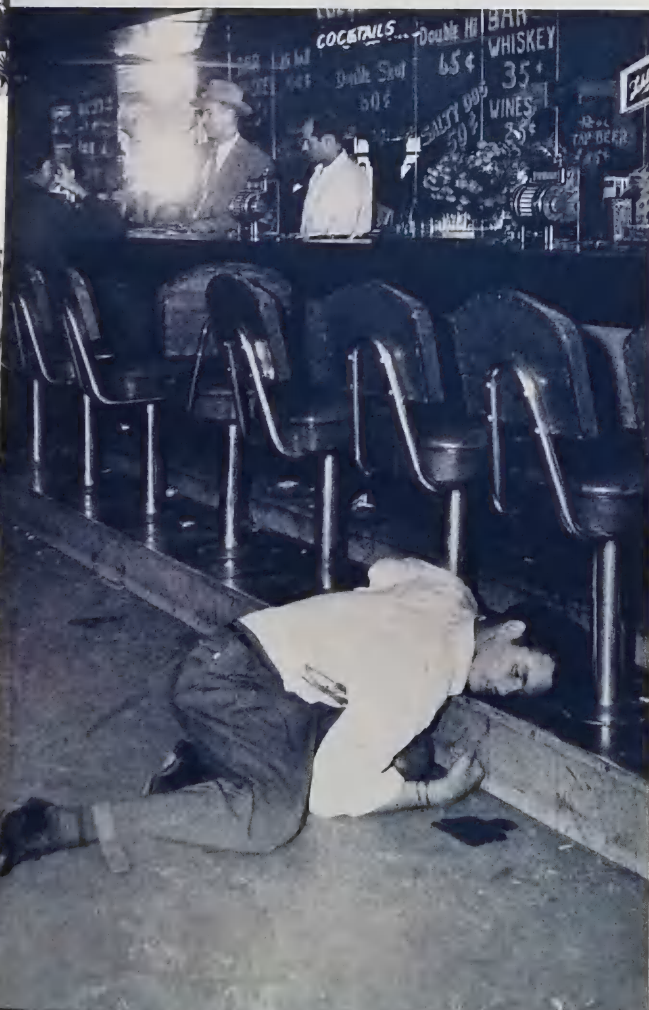
Neil Clemans
Mirror

SHOT FOR THE ROAD

Die Olmo
miner

COOLING OFF

Del Watson
Mirror





O-O
Tiffany

NG!
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DEBUT
Joe Rustan
Examiner



HO-O-O
 Nelson Tiffany
 rror

ROLLING!
 Monteverde
 aminer



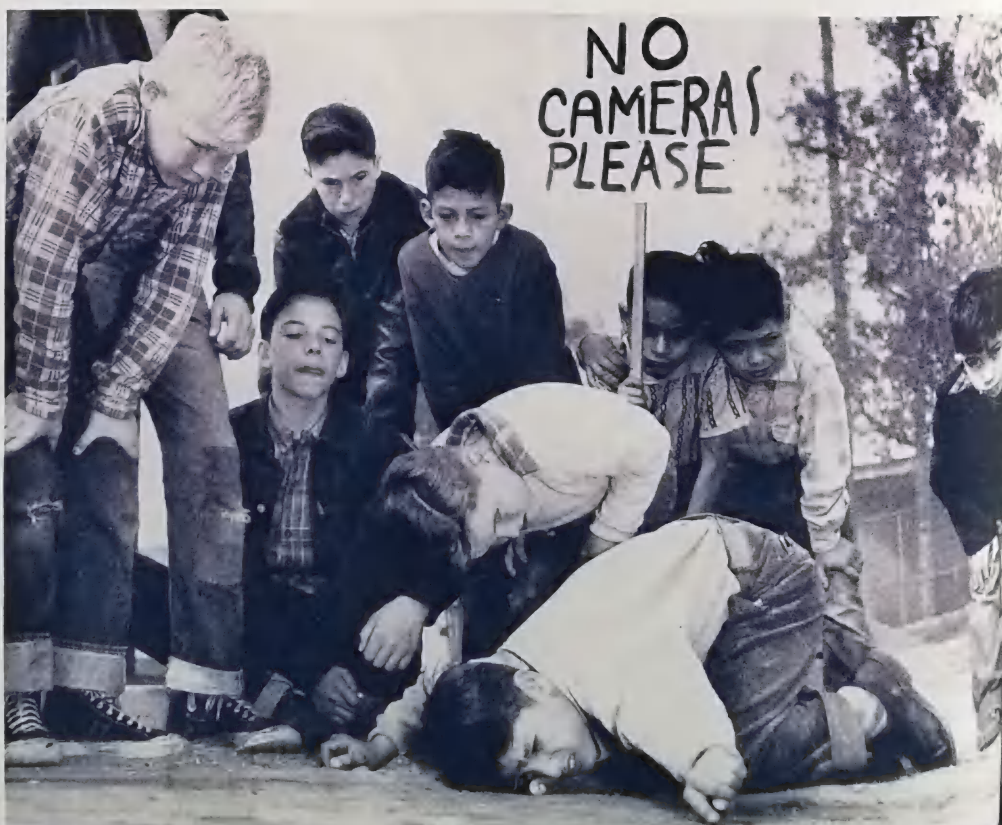
!!...?
 Fred Tchantre
 Daily News

ROLLING?
 Perry Fowler
 Herald Express






BIG TIME
Edward Widdis
Associated Press



LITTLE TIME
Harry Watson
Daily News



The Boy Soldiers

by James H.
Richardson

Illustration by George Fisher

For a moment, not more than a minute or two, he had been many miles and many years away from there.

Limp in his chair at the city desk he had been staring fixedly at a blank spot on the wall.

Day-dreaming at deadline, he thought.

He remembered what his grammar school teacher had once told his mother about his day-dreaming.

"He sits there looking out the window and he isn't in the room at all," the teacher had said.

He recalled vividly the occasion that had prompted her remark.

The first real day of Spring after months of bitter cold winter in Canada; the first day the window near his schoolroom desk could be opened.

The soft warm smell of the damp ground where the last few splotches of dirty snow were melting.

The tiny cautious buds of the trees and the rich, full promise of the bursting earth.

It was beautiful and wonderful and he was very young and so was the world and everything around him.

His soul had soared out the window.

His teacher had understood.

"I watched him and right away I was looking out the window with him," she said. "It made me feel very young again."

But you can't be day-dreaming at a city desk.

(continued on page 82)

A salute to the California Centennial and the Century Milestone of the Modern Newspaper



GIANTS OF A CENTURY

by Bill Dredge

Illustrated by Frank Morse

Out from the musty curtains of a century, the giants of California journalism step in Centennial review.

Their steps are sure and rapid, for briskness is the pace of their profession.

The frontier deadlines of 100 years ago were not those of the cultured and dispassionate East. They were met amid gunfire, violence, recrimination and death. They were met, at times, with total sacrifices on the altar of principle.

And it took giants to make them. It took big giants, some backed by the power of fortunes. And little giants, fired with the fever of soaring ambition. Literary giants too, who drank the wonders of California and

wrote what they still burn bright in paper. Too, men with will molded and built into a mecca for now years.

Their names history today. legend.

Hearst, the se an empire of ne ical toy of his the face of new world, is one.

Tiny William Francisco editor other. Turned and sacked and the dictatorship came a fact mor

The writers, Bret Harte, Mark Henry George savored California for ink to write literature.

Too, the buil led with fist and ing words on stained their li fatuous banque

Count among regal name of J who met an as mont Older, a who cleaned hi turned his head salvage.

Count milita whose pen and the clay from (the word's h the fires of ci his journal's ears and his n during his ba ciple.

And count the Los Ange Express set a p years. But fir went first, w others.

They were McElroy, who peared with s sleepy, dusty Los Angeles M Their Star s

wrote what they felt with words that still burn bright from their moldering paper. Too, it took civic giants, men with will and vision. They molded and built the raw new land into a mecca for which all the world now yearns.

Their names and their work are history today. Living history and legend.

Hearst, the senator's son, who built an empire of newsprint on the political toy of his father, then changed the face of newspaperdom across the world, is one.

Tiny William Walker, the San Francisco editor of the 1850's, is another. Turned filibuster, he charmed and sacked and murdered his way to the dictatorship of Nicaragua. He became a fact more fabulous than legend.

The writers, too, are other giants. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Eugene Field, Henry George, Joaquin Miller, all savored California, then used the juices for ink to write a new bright page in literature.

Too, the builders were giants who led with fist and pistol and hard burning words on their pens and never stained their lips with the meal from fatuous banquet tables.

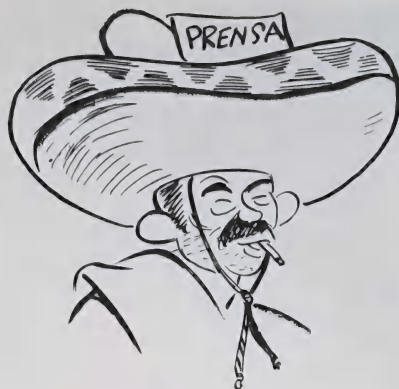
Count among them the strangely regal name of James King of William who met an assassin's bullet and Fremont Older, another San Franciscan who cleaned his city's dissolution, then turned his heart to the task of human salvage.

Count militant Harrison Gray Otis, whose pen and iron will helped mold the clay from which The Southland (the word's his own) was formed in the fires of civic dissention; who saw his journal's building fall about his ears and his men die in the wreckage during his battle for enduring principle.

And count among them Edwin Earl, the Los Angeles reform editor, whose Express set a pace in the Southland for years. But first of all, count those who went first, who went before all the others.

They were John A. Lewis and John McElroy, whose Los Angeles Star appeared with sweat and struggle on the sleepy, dusty streets of the village of Los Angeles May 17, 1851.

Their Star soon fell into other hands.



But it was The Paper in Los Angeles for nearly a quarter century until it expired in 1864, beaten by topheavy debts and choked by unpopular political espousals.

But still it would not die. Phineas Banning, the transportation king of the era, bought its press and materials

for \$1100. A week after it left the Los Angeles streets it re-appeared in Wilmington. There, Banning, concerned with promotion of a new port for Los Angeles and a rail line between port and city, was in urgent need of a printed trumpet.

The Star shone only briefly on this new masthead, for Banning re-titled his infant the Wilmington Journal. It looked like the Star was finished.

Meanwhile, Los Angeles was not without a voice. For The Daily and Weekly News had been launched in 1860 by C. R. Conway and Alonzo Waite. It was later sold to J. King. And sold again. And yet again.

And the Star was not yet dead. After four years, Henry Hamilton, its last firebrand editor in 1864, returned to the helm. On May 16, 1868, he returned from journalistic adventures

(continued on page 133)

NO FUN TODAY

by C. O. Davis

The three happiest liars of journalism were undoubtedly my old man and his brothers, Sam and Bob.

They earned their reputations, in the 70's and 80's, on the Carson City Daily Appeal, founded by my sainted aunt a year after Nevada entered the Union and still published there six afternoons a week.

They conducted the advertising side of the business in pretty much of a capricious way. Most space was sold on a barter basis, the entire Davis family being clothed, fed, sheltered and warmed on the trade deals consummated with local merchants.

One day Sam walked into a butcher shop and asked for a six-inch slab of ham to be cut right out of the center, leaving the butt and hock ends for other less choosy customers.

"Sam," said the butcher, "you're crazy! Suppose I'd ask you to sell me an ad that was a column and half wide, half of it hanging into the next column? That would be as ridiculous as what you're asking me to do."

"Hell," declared Sam, "you can have a column and half ad anytime you want. But you've got to pay for it with ham the way I want it cut."

The butcher went for that deal and ran his ad regularly in its weird dimensions for three years.

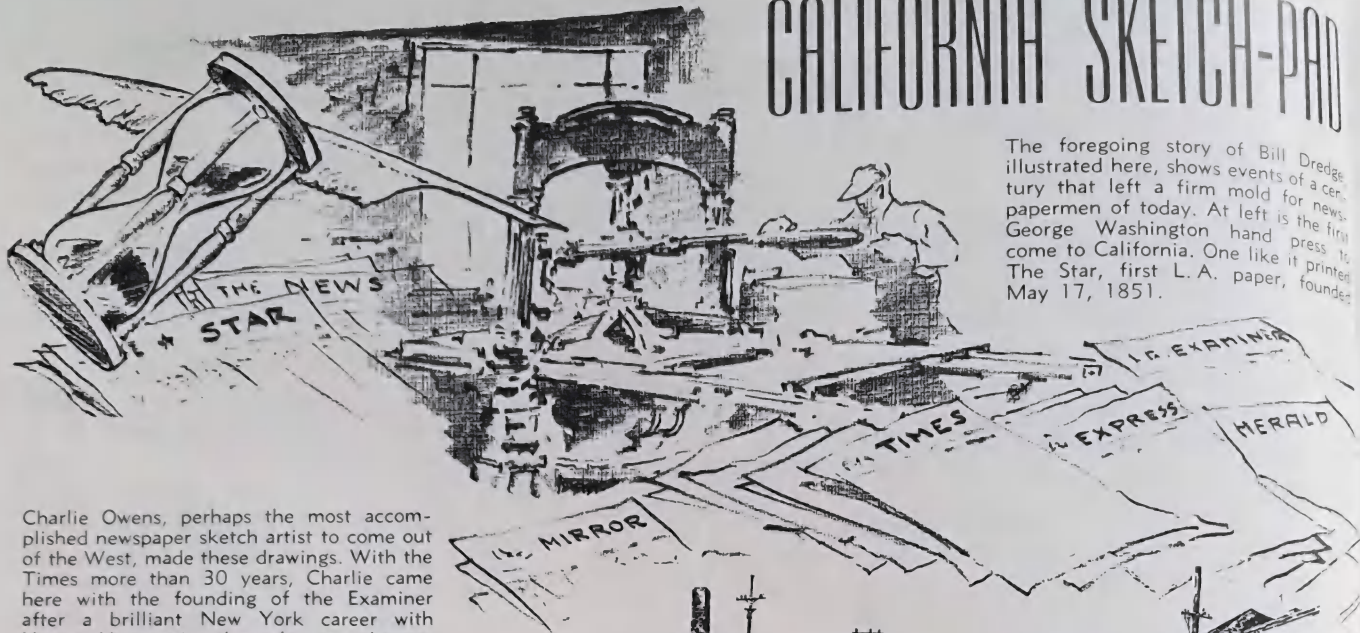
Sam was also circulation manager and had a habit of writing the names of subscribers on the plaster alongside the folder. Occasionally the vibrations of that battered old piece of machinery would jar loose a sizable area of the "subscription books."

"Jesus Christ, Bill," Sam would cringe. "There go fifteen subscribers!"

Getting out a newspaper nowadays is a lot more efficient operation than it was then. But it isn't as much *fun*.

CALIFORNIA SKETCH-PAID

The foregoing story of Bill Dredge, illustrated here, shows events of a century that left a firm mold for newspapermen of today. At left is the first George Washington hand press to come to California. One like it printed The Star, first L.A. paper, founded May 17, 1851.



Charlie Owens, perhaps the most accomplished newspaper sketch artist to come out of the West, made these drawings. With the Times more than 30 years, Charlie came here with the founding of the Examiner after a brilliant New York career with Hearst. He remains the only man who can do this kind of work which explains his stay with the Times despite his long-gone retirement.



BEN TRUMAN, NEWSPAPERMAN HERE IN 1869, WAS ABOARD STAGE ROBBED WITHIN TWO MILES OF CITY.. THE ROBBER SAID OF TRUMAN'S WATCH.. "I WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD WITH SUCH A TURNIP"!

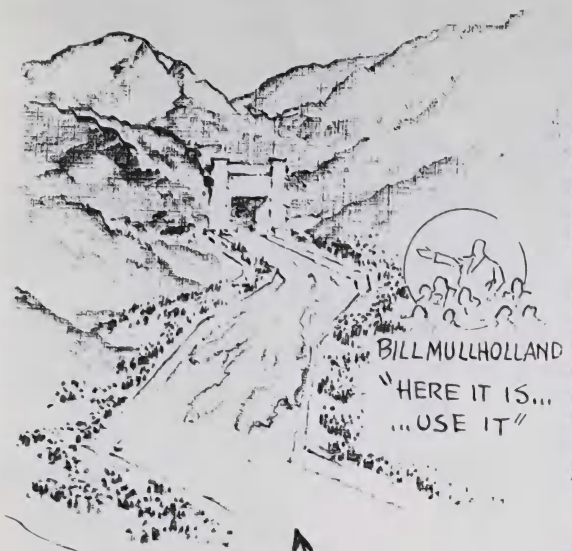


THE BLASTED TIMES BUILDING BURNS. ARTIST CHARLES OWENS MADE THIS SKETCH FROM A MIDSTREET VANTAGE POINT. THE TIMES DIDN'T MISS AN EDITION... IT WAS PRINTED BY THE EXAMINER

JAMES KING OF WILLIAM, SAN FRANCISCO'S FIRST GREAT EDITORIAL CRUSADER, ROLLS TO HIS GRAVE, PAST SWINGING BODIES OF TWO WHO PLANNED HIS DEATH. HIS SLAYING CAUSED VIGILANTE MOVEMENT.

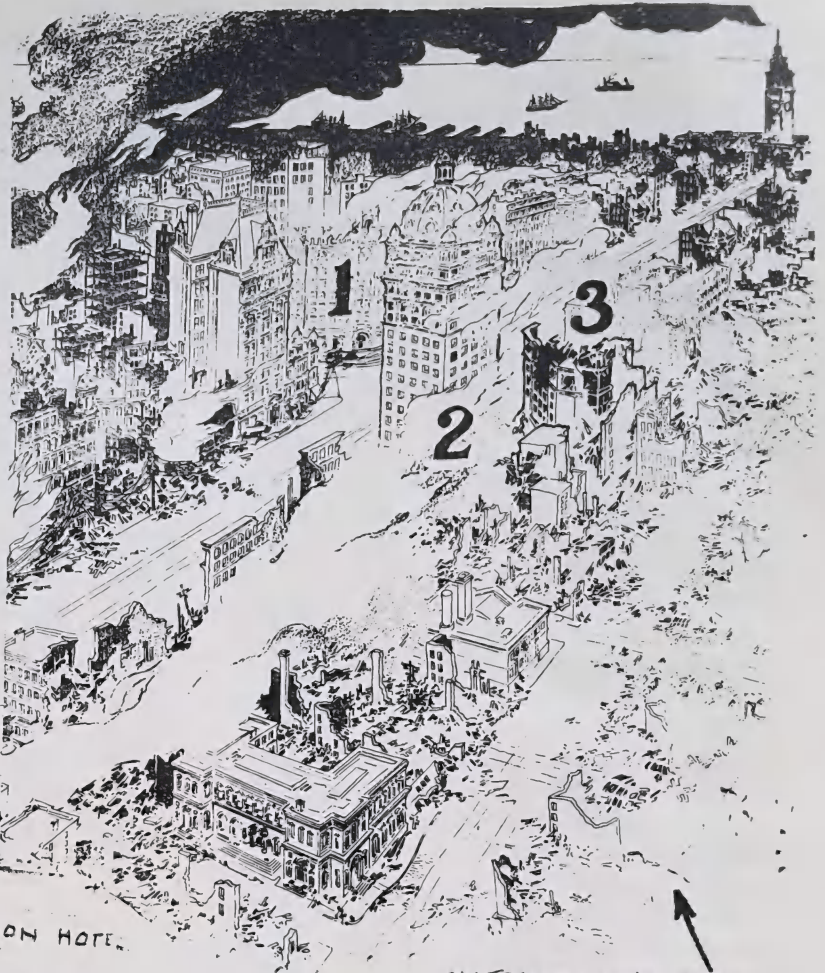


SHAME WAS TH 1871.



BILL MULLHOLLAND
"HERE IT IS...
...USE IT"

THE AQUEDUCT CAME SOON
AFTER THE CENTURY'S TURN.
WITH IT CAME THE METROPOLIS,
AND A CHANGE FROM RURAL
TO METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPERING
MULLHOLLAND WROUGHT MORE
THAN HE KNEW WITH HIS PIPE
TO THE DESERT.



SAN FRANCISCO AFLAME...
AND CHARLIE OWENS IN
NEW YORK. HE USED WIRE
REPORTS FOR WORLD SCOOP.
1. CHRONICLE - 2. THE CALL
& 3. THE EXAMINER.. THIS
IS OWEN'S ORIGINAL SKETCH.

*Sketches by
Charlie H.O.*



BATTLE OF BELLA UNION
IN THE 1860's SAW
FRANK KING, BROTHER
OF NEWS PUBLISHER,
ON SIDEWALK WITH
BULLET RIDDLED BOB
CARLISLE STILL COMING
AT HIM THRU WINDOW.
BOTH DIED. STAGE
COACH HORSE ALSO
WAS A VICTIM.



SHAME OF THE CITY FOR DECADES
WAS THE CHINESE MASSACRE IN
1871. WRATH ENDED WITH 20 HANGED!

THOMAS GARDINER, ENGLISHMAN,
EARLY PARTNER IN TIMES-MIRROR
ENTERPRISE, STRODE STREETS
IN TOPPER-FROCK COAT & SPATS



We have been celebrating the California centennial but we have overlooked what might be considered the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the modern newspaper. For the newspaper, as we know it today, came to life about a hundred years ago, and has been going strong since.

It is true that there were newspapers back into the Eighteenth Century. But they were little more than dry records of official news, a little shipping news and some card advertising.

Two men created the modern newspaper out of whole cloth. One was James Gordon Bennett and the other a Frenchman named Girardin. Bennett established the New York Herald in 1835, and Girardin The 'La Presse' in Paris in the next year. They had modest beginnings and it was not until nearly a decade that they took on their full character.

But it is a most extraordinary thing that these two geniuses created the newspaper, almost as we know it today. Most other things in this world have evolved gradually.

Girardin's type of journalism, much different from ours, set the style for

100

French newspapers and those of other European countries. It is with Bennett's journalism that we are most concerned, and it probably had the greatest influence on the world as a whole. It quickly was imitated in Britain. Today American journalism is the leader in the world.

Bennett was a Scottish immigrant who came to America with the early floods of immigrants from Europe. In May of 1835 he started the New York Herald in the basement of a store with



NEWSPAPER YEARS

by Tim Turner

two old wooden chairs and a dry goods box for a desk.

In a few years he had the whole town by the ears. Independence was Bennett's chief characteristic. He "wouldn't take nothin' off nobody." His journalism was what we would call yellow, but it was good. Some years later all the other newspapers ganged up on him and for a while it looked as if he would go under but he finally triumphed.

He evolved the formula of championing the people's causes, and yelling his head off about it. His idea of being independent went to extremes. He owned no property, even in the days of his wealth; belonged to no organizations and had no friendships that might influence his journalism.

Bennett had no advertising solicitors. He got the circulation, and then the advertisers could come in if they

(continued on next page)

wanted to. They came to him when he had the basement of the store making the business followed by the American who founded La Presse in Buenos Aires daily followed its independence the heaviest per Peron government.

It is amazing that of almost every newspaper; the conception I can think of the old long ones the news dramatic were written very much as ours are.

The Herald of modern idea of sometimes himself viewed notable which was covered before heard of much the same day. Soon all were doing the

When the new kind of journalism and proved of the news horse, and although there the northern

Two American, one over the border and the Cruz and the. The most famous with the latter sent out by the thence by both syndicated, being by stage be put aboard ington and.

These pre ington before the excitement news was re or two we

Before the cate, represented the Picayune to Vera Cruz on board. Orleans the galleys and proofs the patched to

wanted to. They even began to come to him when he had his office in the basement of the store. This idea of making the business come to you was followed by the Argentine editor Paz who founded *La Prensa*. That great Buenos Aires daily to this day has followed its independency, even under the heaviest persecution from the Peron government.

It is amazing that Bennett thought of almost every feature of modern newspapers; the comics is the only exception I can think of. The heads were the old long ones but they played up the news dramatically, and the stories were written with summary leads much as ours are.

The Herald of 100 years ago had the modern idea of crime news (Bennett sometimes himself went out and interviewed notable criminals), ship news, which was covered with a speed never before heard of, and society news in much the same style as it is known today. Soon all the other newspapers were doing the same thing.

When the Mexican War came, the new kind of journalism went into action and proved its adaptability. Most of the news was carried by sail, horse, and even homing pigeons, though there were some railroads in the northern part of the new republic.

Two American armies invaded Mexico, one overland from the Texas border and the other by ship to Vera Cruz and then by land to Mexico City. The most famed correspondent was with the latter army, and his stuff was sent out by courier to Vera Cruz and thence by boat to New Orleans. It was syndicated, much as ours is now, going by stage to a point where it could be put aboard trains running to Washington and New York.

These press dispatches got to Washington before the official reports, and the excitement was just as great when news was received of a victory ten days or two weeks before.

Before the war was over, the syndicate, represented in New Orleans by the Picayune, had fast boats running to Vera Cruz. These boats had printers on board, and before reaching New Orleans they had all the copy set in galleys and proofs drawn. These proofs thus were immediately dispatched to the North, while the type

(continued on page 86)



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT surprised us not at all that when the *Sun* folded and the other papers wrote their obits and their tearful editorials about the foundering of a great ship that had held a true course, there was only one mention of the most distinguished *Sun* man of them all, Don Marquis. The fact that the *Sun* office was the place where the lower-case Archy, the bug with the soul of a poet, subsisted on stale paste and apple parings and performed his nightly labors on the typewriter keys proved not worth a passing notice. Ah, welladay! For many thousands of buyers of evening newspapers, there was one *Sun* man who outshone the Danas, the Munseys, the Arthur Brisbanes, the Richard Harding Davises, and the Frank Ward O'Malleys. For these people, the *Sun* died when Marquis left.

THE death of the *Sun*, and the obsequies, reminded us of the death of Freddy the rat. Freddy was another celebrated inhabitant of the *Sun* office, a hated contemporary of Archy's. When Freddy died (following an encounter with a tarantula), they dropped him off the fire escape into an alley, with military honors. That is about what happens when a newspaper dies. Frank Munsey

put it into words, and so did the tarantula. The tarantula kept taunting Freddy. "Where I step," he said, "a weed dies."

Munsey said it a little more elegantly. "The New York evening-newspaper field," he said in 1924, "is now in good shape through the elimination of an oversupply of evening newspapers. These evening newspapers have been eliminated as individual entities from New York journalism by myself alone." Where I step, a rag dies.

THE first duty of a newspaper is to stay alive. And the most important single fact about any newspaper is that it differs from the next newspaper and is owned by a different man, or group of men. This fact (the fact of difference) transcends a newspaper's greatness, a newspaper's honesty, a newspaper's liveliness, or any other quality. The health of the country deteriorates every time a newspaper dies of strangulation or is wiped out in a mercy killing. The solemn fact about the absorption of the *Sun* by Scripps-Howard is not that we lose a conservative paper, or an ancient paper, or an honest paper, or a funny paper, but that we lose a paper—one voice in the choir.

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The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.



"DON'T WAIT DINNER TONIGHT, BOOKINS,
I'M COVERIN' A BIG GAME!"



MENE TEKEL

By Pat O'Hara

Illustration by Alan Ferber

Just on the off chance the prophetic Daniels of today are wrong in their predictions that all of us will soon be cosmic dust via the H-bomb, let us consider the future of metropolitan newspapers.

Will they be flourishing five years hence?

Or will many of them be out of business and the rest wanly anemic, bankrupt by rising costs and diminishing returns?

In fine, will television, coupled with the fantastic possibilities of its new gadget, phonovision, cut so deeply in-

to the advertising dollar that our pay check source will wither away, compelling many of us to learn new trades?

To get a realistic notion of what the essential attitude of the press toward TV is at present, we should not consult the opinions of ourselves—newsmen. For we are notoriously sentimental about our craft, happily prone to romanticism and without much hardboiled business savvy. Otherwise we would be out there in the buying and selling turmoil, making ourselves some real dough.

So, for the moment, let's suspend our own notions and study the attitude of the newspaper publishers. Their outlook is not softly focused by sentiment about newspapering. With few exceptions they are not newsmen. They are businessmen, and their interest is primarily centered on their ledgers. What is their attitude toward television?

We see that the brighter, better-heeled publishers the nation over have swarmed onto the TV channels.

The record shows that in hardly

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE MARTIAN

by Ge

Since you won't more than you'd believe saucer, I can spe

These Flying Saucers changed things. Kids their guns for repel midget is walking chest out hoping to a little man from M

And, frankly, a few are Martians.

The Martians caused an accident. It seems a quicker route to the double cross in curve.

After one quick new planet, v from a million dumped seeds, wh to uproot in th spoiled amoeba, a and headed their old Mars.

The seeds became amoeba got toge

What happened not know.

Their ship, in flying saucer you

They came in

The flying saucers two disks revolved made sun, in so universe. One d and the other i when seen. Rock and low flying.

(continued on page 89)

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE MARTIANS

by George Spelvin

Since you won't believe this any more than you'd believe you saw a flying saucer, I can speak truthfully.

These Flying Saucers have really changed things. Kids have tossed away their guns for repeller rays and every midget is walking around with his chest out hoping to be mistaken for a little man from Mars.

And, frankly, a few of these midgets are Martians.

The Martians came upon earth by accident. It seems they were hunting a quicker route to Centauri and got the double cross in a tricky time-space curve.

After one quick look at this foreboding new planet, which was steaming from a million dank ponds, they dumped seeds, which were beginning to uproot in their solutions, four spoiled amoeba, and some old tin cans and headed their ship back to good old Mars.

The seeds became plants, the four amoeba got together and multiplied.

What happened to the cans we do not know.

Their ship, incidentally, wasn't the flying saucer you see today.

They came in a Flying Cup.

The flying saucer is comprised of two disks revolving about a Martian-made sun, in sort of a tiny separate universe. One disk is too thin to see and the other is too large to believe when seen. Rockets are used for slow and low flying.



"Let's demand the truth about
the FLYING SAUCERS!"

The Flying Cup was a diving bell having rockets around the edges and a gyroscope arrangement to keep it upright depending upon which way was up. It had two handles used to manipulate the ship through time-space curves and it looked very much like a certain receptacle which is placed under beds.

The second expedition hit earth a couple of million years later, and found plants growing profusely. The

fruit on the trees had a familiar taste so this group hung around for quite a spell investigating the various forms of life.

One day one of the men chanced upon an animal which hung by its tail and had the same structure as a Martian. The Martian chased it; studied it carefully, and, after discovering it to be of the female species, gleefully carried it back to camp for further study.

After the Martians left, the Chim-

(continued on page 87)



"YOU CAN TELL THE BOSS IF I DON'T HAVE IT ALL CLEARED UP BY JULY 1ST, I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT THEN FOR SURE."

A LITTLE WRITING

Job!

by Dick Hannan

F O T



Letter hidden between I
etter not try to pull t

Slowly, mechanically, he was tapping out the obit. He half wondered how many hundreds, maybe thousands, of these things he had done. He had a fleeting vision of endless rows of corpses, well-embalmed and neatly-dressed, all face up in their coffins, as seen through an underground cross section of Forest Lawn.

Letter by letter, as the carriage spaced along, the same familiar words took form: *Services will be held tomorrow* — Oops. That was one thing he just could not remember, even after all this time. Silly rule, anyway. *Services*, in this newspaper, never were held. They were *conducted*. He went back and x'd out the offending word, and made the correction in the space above.

The magazine he had been reading earlier was in his way. He placed it in the bottom drawer of the desk, after carefully marking his page. His phone rang, and he answered: "Sims . . . Hello, Dear . . . Yes, Dear, I'm well aware what day it is, Dear . . . No, not yet; I'll pick it up on my way out to lunch . . . No, I won't cash it; I'll bring it home just as it is . . . Well, what are they so excited about? It's only three days overdue.

Put the car in the garage. They can't break down the door to take it. And send them a check. You know the money will be in the bank tomorrow . . . All right, Dear. Good-bye, Dear."

He hung up, and after a second's reflection called her back. "Hello, Dear. Another thing. You can call them and tell them we'll pay off the whole thing July first . . . Can't tell you now. It's just that I have a little writing job to do . . . No, never mind. I'll surprise you with it later. Bye-bye."

He hung up again, added the few necessary words to the obit, hoisted his bulky frame out of the chair and started with the copy for the city desk, then stopped short. Nope, better not. The Bull was there now; maybe he was still sore about that expense account, and maybe he wasn't. Might as well avoid him. Just five more minutes till time for lunch. He returned to his desk and called for a boy.

When he saw it was Elwood responding, he suddenly wondered whether he had chosen the greater evil. Too late now. The boy ambled up.

"Put this in the basket, will you, Elwood?"

"Sure, Mister Sims." The boy hesi-

tated, and spoke again: "Mister Sims. I hate to mention this, but—"

"About that fin? I'll have it for you tomorrow, Elwood. Sorry it's been so long. Better yet, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you can wait till July first I'll pay you double. Ten bucks."

"Well, gee, I need it now. I gotta buy some chemistry books. But do you mean it? Ten bucks, July first?"

"Sure I mean it. Comes July first I'll be loaded. Got a little writing job to do. Big money."

"Okay, Mister Sims. It's a deal. I'm willing to double my money anytime."

* * *

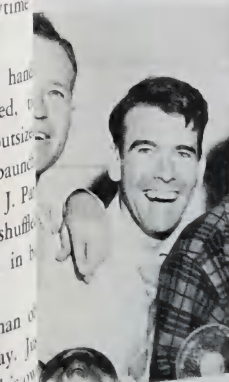
Feeling fresher now, his hands washed, thinning hair combed, coat straightened and with his outside coat buttoned tight across his paunch, he opened the door marked T. J. Parsons, Editorial Auditor. He shuffled to the desk of the little man in the focals and green visor.

"Sidney Sims," the little man observed, as he did every payday, just as if Sidney Sims didn't know his own name. But it didn't matter. As long as the man at the desk came up with a pay check and the proper amount in cash to cover the weekly expense account, Sims would take the envelope with a smile, say "Thank you, T.J.," and leave.

(continued on page 88)



ings, notorious old
News photog Cliff V



they are, all six of
to newspapers; (L

FOTO FUN



Character hidden between luscious models might fool a lot of people, but he'd better not try to pull the Washington wig over Helen Brush's peepers.



Al Jennings, notorious old time train robber, has tables turned when Daily News photog Cliff Wesselmann takes over turkey dinner invitation.



ere they are, all six of them. The Watsons, we mean, who went from lms into newspapers; (L to R) Coy, Harry, Bill, Delmar, Garry, Bobs.

CLASSIFREUD AD DEPT.

DONT LOSE MONEY working for a new paper. Send \$3 in stamps or coin for standard text. "How to Prepare an Expense Voucher." Chapters on airplane and railroad wrecks, ship sinkings, fires, floods, conventions and other disasters; grand jury probes, murders (all kinds), divorces, paternity trials. California edition includes smog hearings, earthquakes, movie weddings, funerals. Illustrated with fac-similes of unquestioned documents. Hated and feared by editorial auditors everywhere. Get your copy before atomic warfare strikes.

CHARMING, CULTURED SAUCER JOCKEY. resident of adjacent star cluster, widely traveled, 23 inches tall; large, single head; sensitive tentacles, invites romantic correspondence with sympathetic, intelligent female, or what have you; no objection to tattooing or small wen. Reply by guided missile from White Sands, N. M.

Recent graduate UCLA School of Journalism available for position as publisher. All qualifications. Prefer metropolitan newspaper 1,500,000 daily circulation to start. Can write own name. Box 32.

BUY ARIZONA LAND NOW! Gentle, rolling foothills of Superstition Mts. Sand dune shift less than 40 rods yearly. Dir. in path of billion-dol. Colo. Riv. irrig. dvlpmnt. Fine for chkwlks., Gil. mnstrs., hrntds., rtlnks. Price, \$2.50 acre, will bring \$400 ac. after Congr. acts. Get in on grnd. flr. before it blows away.

BOMB PROOF CAVES for sale or rent in remote Nevada valley. Be safe here from nuclear fission while your friends in Los Angeles, Pasadena, die like flies. All mineral rights, inc. bat guano. Magnif. new pack trails. Only 88 miles to water. Write for free booklet. "It is Better to Burrow than to Fry."

LEARN UNKNOWN TONGUES for research, culture, charm. No creature too humble to impart valuable information if you can speak its language. One Pershing Square lawyer talked with pigeon, learned legal secret, saved client years in jail. Cat informed housewife of husband seduction by widow next door. Small horse helped college student get degree. Dog, rat, gopher, screech owl may pass you powerful word. Send no money, first lesson free. Terms may be arranged later. Universal Languages, Inc.

HOW TO SUCCEED! Learn mastery of friends, relatives, business associates. Success guaranteed in all fields of endeavor. One saleswoman increased orders 1000 per cent when customers couldn't say no. Office boy rose to managing editor in six lessons. Ex-prisoner writes, "Gave warden eye and cell door opened." Send five dollar bill pinned to unused bus transfer for first lesson. If not satisfied, transfer will be returned. Write today: School of Suctional Philosophy.

Will photographer who took nude pictures of attractive divorcee in Tower press room call TV 156787. Wish to discuss good books.

A PLANTER'S PUNCH

By
Hal
Wiener

So, you think a press agent's life is a cinch. Sure, the money's good, in most cases; the hours are long; the beefs are continuous; and the headaches are a regular occurrence.

Why do we want to be P.A.'s you ask? For the same reason you fourth estaters continue to chase ambulances, rush to fires, interview strip-teasers, and try like hell to get an exclusive from a guy who's about to get the chair for slashing his lover's throat.

You've guessed it, there's never a dull moment in the life of a press agent. He's the original man behind the 8-ball. Trouble is his business, his hobby, his pastime. He's an ilk all to his own. If you probe deep enough, you'll find, in most cases the top P.A.'s are ex-newspapermen. Don't ask me why.

Unlike the two finger hunt-and-miss-typist of the city rooms, the P.A. is usually considered a pain-in-the-neck to all concerned, including his client. The experienced P.A. knows this. The shyder honestly thinks he is a source of news.

Actually, in our humble opinion, he is a feature editor without portfolio. He dreams up attractive art lay-outs, and human interest stories that somehow manage to benefit his client.

This is very often a tax on the poor guy's brain, especially when he runs across a ham actor client of his who



carries a little pocket rule and stands in front of the theatre measuring the size of type of his name on the display three-sheet. This same ham usually then complains to the producer that his name should be, but is not, 38% of the star's and that his contract gives him fifth billing and not seventh.

It's disconcerting, to say the least, when this agent of the arts after sweating it out all day getting promises from city desks to send photogs to the station to meet an incoming ballet troupe and promising on his honor as a P.A. (they do have honor) to get

glamorous cheesecake art of the beautiful, bounding ballerinas, to have them go shy and refuse to pose with their beautiful gams exposed on the proverbial baggage trucks.

That night you and the photogs are backstage. The ballerinas, dancing into the wings from onstage, make fast changes and in doing so, unconcernedly pose, practically in the raw, for art that would make a burlesque stripper hang up her G-string in shame. The art is not usable. You're behind the 8-ball again. Disgusting, isn't it!

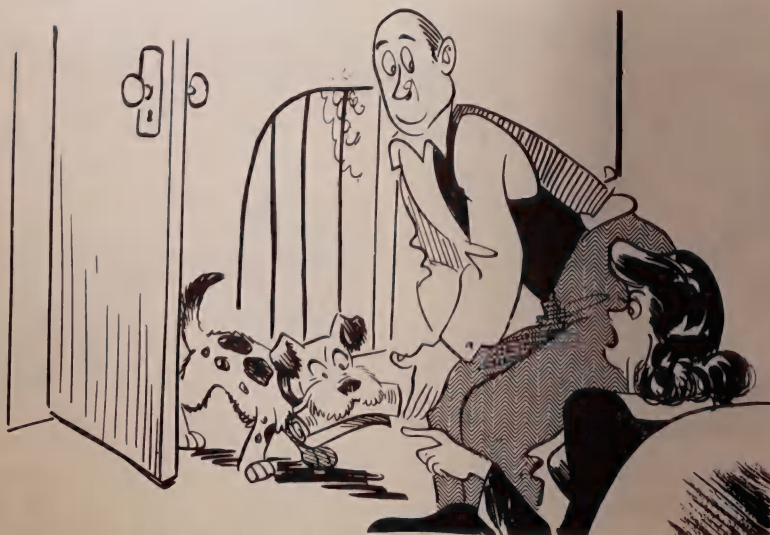
Or what about the time a famous star, noted for her sharp tongue, fiery disposition, and daring escapades, in an interview was asked by a reporter, "Is it true you like to change your men every six months?"

The star glares at you and then turns on a continuous and explosive conversational line that never permits the reporter to ask another question.

You sheepishly steal a glance at the producer who happens to be sitting nearby, already fearful that your two weeks pay will be awaiting you at the end of the interview. When the ordeal is over and the reporter has left, the producer turns to you and sharply says "Go down to the paper and kill that." Just like that.

How about that time when a beautiful two-column picture of one of the leading ladies of a recent light opera appeared in the paper with the caption "One of the stars of Magdalena." The paper hadn't been on the street but an hour before you are hurriedly called into the rehearsal hall. This highly irate artist, rising to her full height of indignation and looking down her nose at you, in no uncertain terms firmly informs you she is *THE* star. That hereafter all pictures released to any newspaper carry her name as *THE* star. Notwithstanding the fact that the show was billing four co-starring roles; and as if you were putty in her hands, you are instructed to show her all pictures and to clear all caption material with her.

(continued on page 92)



"YES, IT'S CLEVER OF HIM TO BRING IN THE TIMES, BUT WE TAKE THE HERALD!"



THE BAT

by Al Santoro

Drawing by Karl Hubenthal

Let's see, where were we? Oh, yes, on this day, quite a few semesters back, a small but select group was talking to The Society Hobo.

He was called The Society Hobo not only to distinguish him from others who worked during the harvests in the great Valley of the San Joaquin, but also because he was always immaculate—his one shirt was daily scrubbed clean.

So when he hitch-hiked along the roads from farm to farm his chances of getting a lift were always enhanced.

The Society Hobo, at one time during his career, became, by chance, the manager of a heavyweight prize fighter. The pug's name, for ring purposes, was Battling Lodi, taken from the town of that name, where The Society Hobo and the pug happened to be working in a watermelon patch.

Even good things like watermelon patches run out with the seasons, and it was in between seasons that Battling Lodi made his first venture in the ring. For Promoter Frankie Fuller at Modesto, I believe.

Well, the Bat knocked 'em for loops—I almost said cantaloupes—and soon he ran clean out of opponents. Nobody'd fight him, and what good is a heavyweight fighter to even a man like The Society Hobo if none, like a Red Cap at Union Station, will come to grips with him?

It looked, for a time, as though The Society Hobo had lost his meal ticket. But he reckoned not with the loyalty of Battling Lodi.

You can count on one hand the fighters and managers that started from scratch and finished together. McLarnin and Pop Foster, Young Corbett and Ralph Manfreda are the only pairs of managers and fighters who remained together after their fighters became champs. (If you can name more, don't write me. No prizes!)

But the Bat, as I say, was different.

He was most loyal. Having run out of foes that ran out on him, the Bat took the bull by the horns, and went to work.

In this instance, the bull was in the form of sacks of potatoes which The Bat, and others, were loading on a Sacramento River Boat.

The Bat was always a man of action. Never one to shirk, even when loading potatoes to keep himself and The Society Hobo in cakes, he carried not one sack of potatoes, but two.

Each time he made a trip up the gangplank he carried one sack of spuds under each arm. The Bat was a man to get the job done, for the sooner done the sooner The Bat and The Society Hobo could have steak—and only at such a meal did The Bat pass up the potatoes. (After all too much potatoes is too much potatoes. That's all.)

Well, The Bat, on this particular day, quite a few semesters back, was waltzing the spuds, one sack under each arm, up the gangplank. For some reason, unknown to me, on this particular trip with his two sacks of Idahos, The Bat's 220 pounds, plus the weight of the two sacks of spuds, didn't quite make it. In the middle the gangplank snapped, and down went The Bat to the bottom of the sea.

As he was coming up the third time, The Bat, loyal to the last, or almost the last breath, let out a roar that could be heard right up to the Senator Hotel, for it was at Sacramento if I haven't mentioned it, that The Bat and The Society Hobo were tarrying at the time.

"Hey, you! Hey, you guys on the boat!" the Bat screams. "If you don't hurry and throw me a rope—I'm going to drop ONE of these sacks of potatoes!"

That was done, of course. And that is my All-American Selection for Loyalty. The Bat!

Make it CAPS, Mr. Printer!

And make mine the same!



"SHUDDER SPE"

A few over and under developed exposures from the hypo tray.



8-Ball Newshawks Jack Adams, John Clarke, Frank J. R. Smith, Jr. establish GHQ for "Exercise M"

"Had I anticipated your arrival, I'd have opened a bier," says Don Dwiggins to erstwhile friend.



A bunch of Press Club absentees whooping it up at Sheriff Gene Biscailuz' annual spree

for newsmen at Eastside Brewery. You have a solid lineup behind you, Gene . . . as usual.



Five ex-L. A. newsmen exiled Examiner toast 8-Ball Final's



Noses for News include: John Copeland, Times.



Toupee or not to pay, that is the question under "Hotman" Hoster's lid.



"Hotman" tackles dilemma in stride, and starts to mark that lovely hide.



Careful! This is the head where the part's gonna

He's about ready to make with a triple whammy double hex job.



Five ex-L. A. newsmen exiled on the San Francisco Examiner toast 8-Ball Final's success: Lou Janofsky,

Dean Reitzel, Jack James, Gordon Porter, and Gerry McClean, editor of last S. F. "Scoop".



Noses for News include: John Copeland, Times.



Harold Debus, Mirror, Don Fitz Gerald, Pasadena.



Jim Richardson, Jr. Dave Swaim, Examiner.



He's about ready to make with a triple whammy double hex job.



With hair to spare, he's on the way to a royal road to romance.



There's nothing to it, men . . . Hair today, there tomorrow.

TAKE IT EASY WILL 'YA

by
Rube Samuelson



THE BIG TEN MAKES IT 4-0-0 OVER THE PCC AND THE BUCKEYE SQUAD SALUTES COACH FESLER IN THEIR '50 WIN FROM CAL.

I know, I know — summer is all but here, the boys and the gals are suntan-minded and baseball's the big thing in sports. But what the heck, if a couple of guys named Celeri and Le-Baron can play a football game in February, spring practice takes on greater significance each year, and the Los Angeles Rams will be teeing off in a matter of weeks — well, why not slip in a little gossip, right here, about the pigskin pastime? After all, football just won't die, be it September, January, May or July. Not with gloating grads on the loose, it won't, especially the breed that flaunts the vaunted might of the Big Ten. Brother, how those guys can wave the flag!

The Big Ten brethren have their day, admittedly. Those days have fallen, by and large, on January 1. During the regular season, when the score between the Pacific Coast Conference and Big Ten has been virtually even-Stephen, the issue has been conveniently overlooked. But for the purposes of filling this space, suppose we go along and stick to New Year's Day and yeah, the Rose Bowl skirmish.

The score shows 4-0-0 and a 1,000 record for Big Ten elevens against 0-0-4 and a straight blank for the

PCC forces during the time the Rose Bowl pact, between the two circuits, has been in effect. That's plain bad for Our Side (not including in the estimate, of course, those transplanted citizens who love to live in California but who also love, and with greater fervor, to boast of the football superiority of the Big Ten sector they forsook).

Still, all that isn't here, nor there, at this particular moment. What is (here or there) is the payoff, where the situation will lead, or, perhaps end. One even wonders if the Rose Bowl pact, despite assurances in official circles that the arrangement is a happy one, isn't likely, eventually, to go the way of the Army-Notre Dame game. More than anything else the concern centers upon a monstrous, incurable ticket problem . . . pressure, wearisome sniping, bickering and the wild intrusions of publicity seekers.

After the last Rose Bowl tussle, between Ohio State and California, only one person, John B. Fullen, Buckeye alumni secretary, put on the blast.

There were a lot of things Mr. Fullen didn't like about the Rose Bowl contest, and while his was a lone voice in the wilderness, so big a play did the wire services give his panting that he was disowned by the top leaders of

his very school. Also, Midwest columnists, to a man, denounced him.

Still, it wouldn't take too much to set off a bit of an explosion. Another contributing factor could be the editor who thinks headline first, and then builds up a story, however far-fetched, to match.

Forthright and informed opinion, possibly, will always prevail. But me, I'm not so sure. There is a certain amount of handwriting on the wall. The Rose Bowl pact between the Coast Conference and Big Ten never has sailed smoothly after getting off to a regrettable start. If the thing doesn't settle down, the payoff decision may be influenced by the bad outweighing the good. Besides, you can't toss a hot potato back and forth from one hand to another, forever.

But let's look again. When did you ever see anything big and successful without finding envy, covetousness, jealousy, privilege and publicity hounds? I'm just kicking the gong around here and, as for you Big Teners, this onlooker is darn glad you're aboard. Honest. But take it easy, willya? Also, will you, can you, take it when the Coast Conference squares matters?

Some of the boys out this way are wondering. That day's comin'. You know — without any question.



TEARS

George Snow
Examiner



SHE WHO GETS SLAPPED

Bill Brunk
Examiner

SNOW GOOD!

George Snow
Examiner

STANWYCK

Larry Steel
Steelfoto



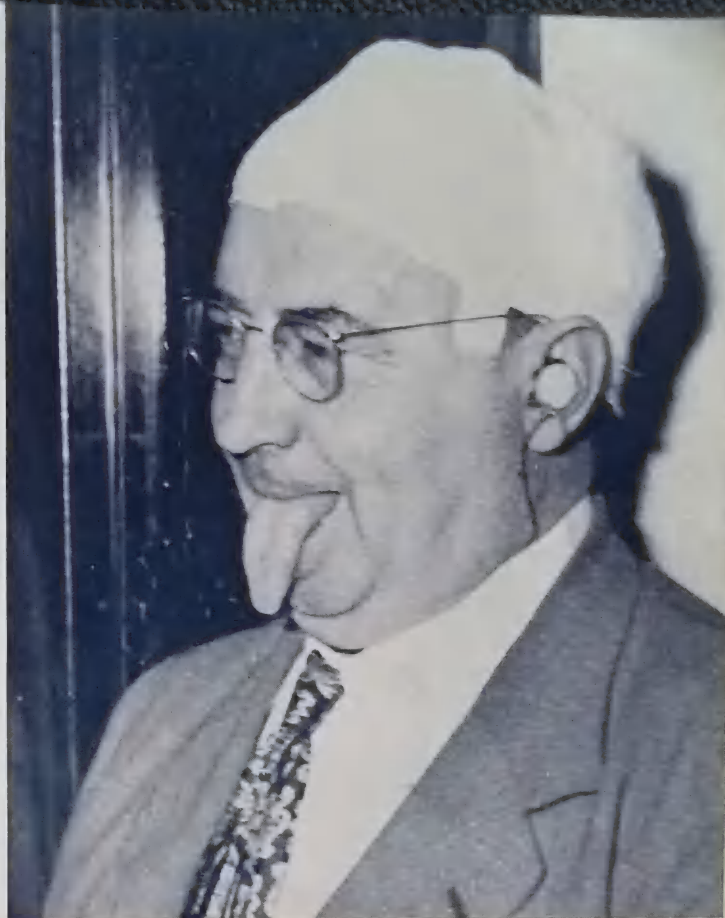
JOHNSON

George O'Day
Herald Express



STANWYCK

Larry Steel
Steelfoto



PEARSON

Helen Brush
Daily News



JOHNSON

George O'Day
Herald Express



H
G
E



HOLLYWORDS

George Snow
Examiner

THAT'S THAT

Alfred Humphreys
Times





RIVER OF WINE
Harlow Smith
Ontario Daily Report



GLAMORAMA
Bob Blackwell
Times



BUBBLE TROUBLE
Larry Miller
Examiner



CAT'S PAUSE
Joe Post



OVER

A
N
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UNDER
Dave Cicero
Int. News
Photos



OVER

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UNDER

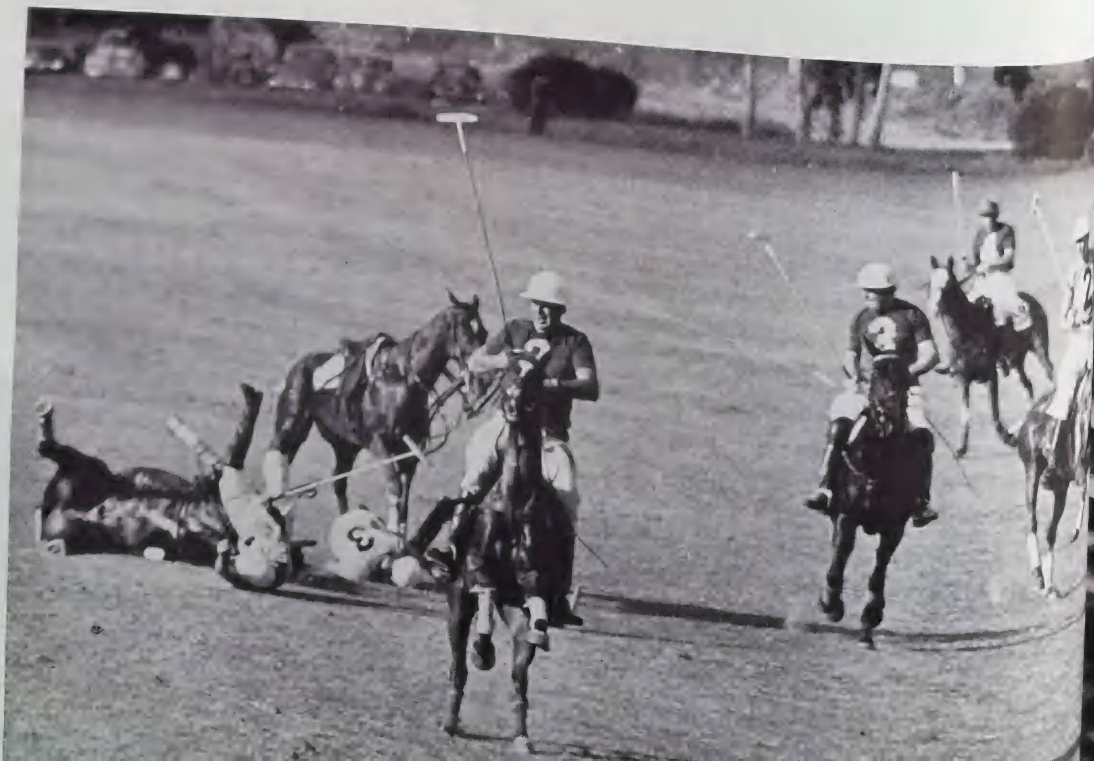
Dave Cicero
Int. News
Photos





COLD!
Robert Ritchie
Times

HOT!
Sam Sansone
Examiner



PONY BOYS
Hal Jensen
Examiner



HOT!
Sam Sansone
Examiner



SMALL FRY
Larry Miller
Examiner



ABANDONED
Ray Zeleski
Daily News



WHOOOPS!
Al Monteverde
Examiner





WHOOPS!

Al Monteverde
Examiner

MY SON - MY SON!

Buck Forbes
Examiner





D. O. A.
George Snow
Examiner

FOUR-IN-HAND
Hal Jensen
Examiner



ZIG-ZAG UN
Don Hoster
Daily News

BADGE HAP
Conrad Mercu
Examiner



ZIG-ZAG UNLIMITED

Don Hoster
Daily News

MODERN RIP

Cliff Wesselman
Daily News



BADGE HAPPY
Conrad Mercurio
Examiner





COFFIN CORNER

Neil Clemans
Mirror

HAND'S OUT

Bob Hecht
Examiner



GOAL!
Al Monteverde
Examiner





GOAL!

Al Monteverde
Examiner

PATER, FILIUS, ET SANCTUS SPIRITUS

Paul Calvert
Times





BEGINNING OF THE END

Bob Hecht
Examiner

"VIGNETTE OF A VINTAGE"

by A. H. Frederick

Vignette of a newspaperman, vintage of '07:

Timothy Gilman Turner stands like a gaunt colossus with his feet firmly planted in two eras.

By a simple mental twist he can set himself down amid the sharp wit of the 18th century coffee shops of Merrie Old England, or be exchanging thrust-and-parry with his beau ideal of belles lettres, Voltaire.

He can cry "a bas l'Academie" with the Goncourts, or sit in stark admiration as Nana dies amid shouts of "On to Berlin."

Murger's Boheme is a real land to him, and Oliver Goldsmith's coterie his friends.

But he is somewhat less tolerant of the times in which we live.

He admits, albeit grudgingly, that the automobile "has won a certain amount of public acceptance," but awaits the day when an aroused citizenry drives from our midst "that evil, foul-smelling monster which runs around the streets killing women and children."

He feels even less kindly toward the airplane, and frequently gazes from the Biltmore Hotel's pressroom window at departing air passengers with that same solicitude with which a kindly 18th century Frenchman might have regarded the revolutionary tumblers.

Except for a few selected programs, the radio is to him a device of the devil, and the television just one more desecration of his beloved pre-World War I barroom. Others are women and juke-boxes.

Scientists are to him "modern witch-doctors" and should confine their efforts to such things as more efficient can-openers and other labor-saving devices. He has no use for psychiatrists, economists, anti-histamines,

or other forms of "voodooism." He believes doctors will, eventually, by trial-and-error, catch up with the curative efficiency of the herb-conscious grandmamas of the latter Dark Ages.

Turner was to the newspaper manner born.

His paternal grandfather founded the Cleveland Leader prior to the War Between the States, and his father, Willis Hall Turner, was publisher of the Chicago Journal in the days of that turbulent city's most hectic journalism. Today nine of the third generation of newspapering Turners are doing it.

Among his earliest recollections are conversations at his home between his father and his father's protege, Finley Peter Dunne, whose "Mr. Dooley" had such trenchant observations as "Supreme Court decisions follow the election returns," and "The trouble is that when we knocked at the Japs' closed door, we didn't go in — they came out."

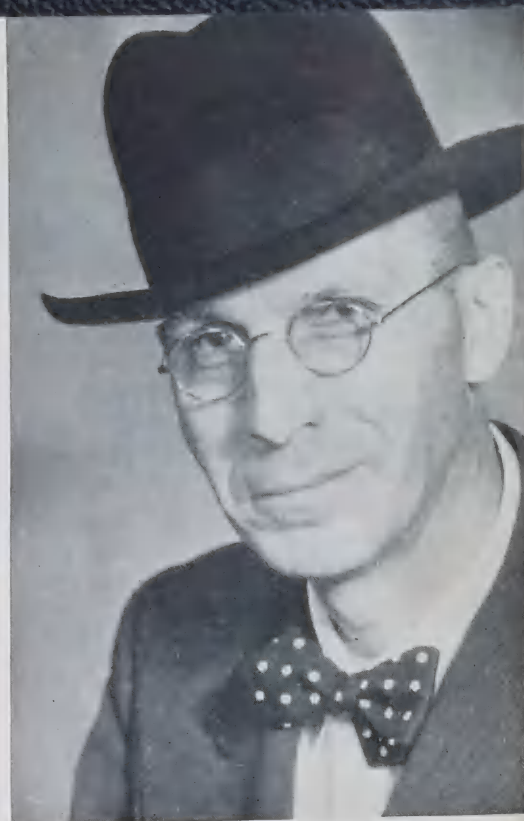
Another frequenter at his home was "B.L.T." (Bert Leston Taylor) who became the most famous of columnists. But Tim's earliest yen was for the adventurous life of a cowboy and at the age of 18 he tried it. One year was enough. "Damned hard work and no adventure," he describes it.

In 1907 he started his newspaper career by covering crime for the Grand Rapids Herald, of which Arthur Vandenberg (now a senator) was political editor.

"I still think I had cleaner work and met nicer people than he did," comments Tim.

From there he went to the El Paso Herald, and thence, in 1911, into the middle of the Mexican Revolution for the AP. He was the only American reporter who went completely through that affray, and out of it came the first of two books he has written, "Bullets, Ballads and Gardenias."

Also out of it, as far as Tim is con-



TIMOTHY GILMAN TURNER

cerned, came complete disillusionment with revolutions and politicians.

The former, he thinks always terminate where they began, "with a set of rogues in power," and the latter, he thinks are, in the words of his friend, Oscar Ameringer, "people who get money from the rich and votes from the poor by promising to protect each from the other."

Next stop for Turner was James Gordon Bennett's New York Herald, where he worked for five years until he, together with the rest of the staff, fell victim to Frank "The Grocer" Munsey's newspaper butchery.

Thence to the Los Angeles Times for five years, the Los Angeles Examiner for one, and back to the Times for the past seventeen.

* * *

In his yearning for the open prairie, Turner cut short his schooling at the tenth grade, and, having by dint of reading, observation, and a veritable card-index memory, obtained a prodigious store of knowledge, has but little use for formal education.

Thus when a very young man recently did a very silly thing, he ejaculated:

(continued on page 113)

Festum Babbittorum

by Don Ryan

At lunchtime the Biltmore Hotel is like the Forum Romanum. It resounds to the eloquence of civic, educational business and professional leaders.

Lions roar, Rotarians rotate to hearty slaps on the back, Optimists beam, Kiwanians yelp their glad kiyis and Town Hall addicts, the Babbitt elite, listen enthralled to off-the-record speeches already fully covered in the newspapers.

A luncheon orator will labor the advantages of the American way over that of the Soviet Russian slave state. Or a prominent medico will warn that socialized medicine is contrary to free enterprise as practiced by physicians and surgeons on the persons and pocketbooks of their patients.

A spokesman for the M & M will confide that the way to keep employees from turning pink is to call 'em all by their first names—and not forget to ask after the wife and kiddies. Regularly some GOP stalwart shows up to kick the ghost of FDR around.

And to provide diversion, the Los Angeles Advertising Club can be depended on to descend with can openers upon a professional model encased in armor from the Western Costume Company.

* * *

The only discordant note in this civic symphony is a girl reporter who covers the hotel beat. She refers to it slightly as the "rubber chicken circuit." She has no respect for community leaders and her favorite pastime is putting burrs under the tails of sacred cows.

For instance, she will stick her head into Conference Room 8, where the county superintendent of schools is speaking on the United States Constitution.

"Under this Constitution we have made the forest trail into the transcontinental highway," he says.

"We have developed the primitive

floating log into the ocean liner. We have harnessed the wind and driven our jet-propelled planes into the stratosphere. We have extended the signal smoke into the radio, radar and television. We have changed the rude hieroglyphics daubed on the wayside rocks into the printing press—"

She slams the door and turns to her fellow newsmongers.

"Well, the history books are wrong, guys. The man says we had the Constitution when we were riding around on floating logs, making smoke signals and daubing rude hieroglyphics on rock."

Then she buzzes along to another luncheon group listening to the head of a downtown department store forecast business trends for the coming year.

"Assuming that business in general and store sales nationally will be equal to or slightly below last spring's levels, I see nothing to indicate that the less favorable than average trend of sales which has prevailed in Southern California for many months will be reversed," he declares optimistically to loud applause.

"What the hell are they clapping for?" the girl reporter snorts. "That's double talk for business will be bad."

She hits another conference room just as the district sales manager of Greater Los Angeles for Western Air Lines is concluding a stimulating talk on progress in commercial aviation.

"The air lines have penetrated 20 percent of the potential traveling market available to us here in the west," is the way he puts it. "The west has generated 2.5 air passengers per 1000 population as opposed to only 1.6 air passengers per 1000 population in the whole nation. Any questions?"

"Yes sir," pipes this little jerk. "I understand something about penetration and generation. I went to Hollywood High. But what I'd like to know is who in the hell was the papa of 2.5 of a passenger."

. . . .



TOY SOLDIERS

He looked over at the reporters and saw that the Cub was staring fixedly at him as he had been at the wall.

There was a look of admiration and wonder on the Cub's face and he turned his head quickly away so that his City Editor couldn't see it.

But he had seen it and it sent his thoughts back into the past once more.

He remembered when he had been a Cub and had caught his City Editor sitting back slouched in his chair and gazing at a spot on the wall.

He's planning something big, he had thought, almost quivering in awe. He knows everything and everybody. He knows the inside of all that's happening. He's probably going to blast the mayor or the district attorney or somebody.

He smiled to himself. If that Cub only knew. If he only knew.

What he had been thinking about while he was staring at the wall was last Christmas and how it came about that he had given up playing with little lead soldiers!

His friends said it was his best story and had given it that title—"How I Gave Up Playing With Little Lead Soldiers."

He had told it in many places. (Ernest Byfield, prince of wits and raconteurs, had heard it once while they were lunching in the Pump

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TOY SOLDIERS

Room in Chicago and crowned it with chuckles and a belly laugh.)

It had happened many, many years ago in his home town—Winnipeg—just about the time he was beginning to look a little tight and cramped in his short pants and not quite big enough for long ones.

Every fall in Winnipeg there was held the Western Canada Fair and Livestock Exhibition and it had been the custom for his father to take the family to it for a wonderful, thoroughly exhausting day of sights and sounds and sensations.

This particular year his father had called him aside and said to him:

"Jimmy, you're getting to be a big boy now. I won't be able to take the family out to the Fair this year. How would you like to go all by yourself? Here is a ticket to get you in. Here are two street car tickets and here is a dollar for you to spend any way you wish."

What thrilled him most, what sent a surge of wild joy through him, was not the realization, wonderful though it was, that he was big enough to go to the Fair alone and by himself.

It was the dollar!

The whole hundred cents of that marvelous dollar, all his to do with it what he wanted.

Never before, and certainly never since, in all his years, had he had such wealth.

His salary now was a mere pittance compared to it.

That dollar—just one half of it—would buy him the thing he had wanted most in all the world—a little, toy cannon in the window of a shop on Portage avenue!

In the days of his youth, and in the days before it, the kids in Canada collected little lead soldiers made in England.

Not the flat stamped out tin soldiers but full-bodied figures in the glorious colors of the regiments of Britain.

Brave little soldiers in red coats, muskets slanted on their squared shoulders, chest out, eyes front, in perfect measured step on patches of green parade ground.

The King's Own Guard, Grenadiers,

Fusileers, Highlanders with busbies and swirling kilts and, oh, the Cavalry, mounted on perfect steeds—the Light Brigade with sabers drawn!

Each Christmas he had received a new set and he had wanted nothing more. Each Christmas before him his older brother had received sets which had been passed on to him so that he now possessed hundreds of them.

On long winter nights there was nothing so wonderful and so absorbing as getting them all out on the floor of the attic, lining them up in battle array and fighting a war in which no one really was killed and there was no blood and mud.

That was War at its best.

But there was no artillery and no

cannon. Casualties were caused by rolling marbles which spilled the soldiers on their sides—still with their muskets on their shoulder, prone but unharmed.

And then he had seen that toy cannon in the shop window and he had wanted it like he had never wanted anything in his life. In fact, never in all his forty-five years since had he wanted anything like he had wanted that cannon.

The price of the cannon in the window was fifty cents and now he had the dollar and he could have it.

It was a dollar bill and it was folded and tucked away in his pocket when, his heart singing, he went to the Fair.

(continued on next page)

GOOD MORNING



Good morning, my bright international mate,
My outstanding genius in problems of state.
I trust all is clear in that wonderful mind
Which last night remodeled the whole of mankind;
Your handling of Russia, the Ruhr, Palestine
And China and Greece; it was masterly, fine!
You're sure to be named as "The Man of the Year."
Here's four or five aspirins — swallow them, dear.

Awake my fine songster; it's well on towards noon.
All morning I've waited, just hoping you'd croon
A measure from "Chloe" or "Deep Rolling Sea"
Which last night you sang until half after three.
You wakened the neighbors, you tripped on the mat
And one of your props was your hostess' hat.
I'm sure she will want you again for tonight —
The life of the party, whenever you're tight.

So drink up the seltzer, you chattering drone.
It's said to be good for a splintering dome.
I wish I were Sandow; how far would I throw you;
For the next thirty days please pretend I don't know you.
My juvenile jackass, my dim-witted duffer,
You say you feel awful? — Well, goddammit, suffer!

ANONYMOUS

TOY SOLDIERS

No joy so great as his. No world so wonderful.

He planned the day carefully. He would cover every inch of the Fair grounds methodically, saving until the last and the best—the Midway and the carnival where he would have fifty cents of that precious dollar to spend as he saw fit, and on the way home he would buy the little cannon.

A hot sun blazed down on the sweating milling crowds. The bulls and the cows switched their tails flicking at flies. Heavy full odors stench the air of the long barns.

His pockets were stuffed with samples and giveaways as he trudged from building to building.

At last, in the late afternoon he approached the Midway with its merry-go-round music, the cries of the barkers, the clang of the bell as some huge farmer swung a big mallet and won a cigar, the wild, mad confusion of shouts and sounds and excitement.

Then, just as he was about to enter this street he had saved until the last,

he saw men running away from it, headed toward a tent some distance away.

They were hurrying, stumbling, kicking up clouds from the ankle deep dust.

They carried their coats on their arms and their shirts were open at the neck as they strained forward.

On their faces was a strange look he had never seen before on the face of any man and he followed along after them.

There were no women with them, nor children, just the panting hot men.

The tent stood alone, apart from the rest of the Fair, and in front of it was a platform and a man with a derby hat.

"All right, boys, step in a little closer, boys, I got something to show you," said the man with the derby and he smiled and leered.

They crowded closer and he was among them.

The flap of the tent opened and out onto the platform came three women in pink wrappers.

They were the most beautiful ladies he had ever seen.

Their hair was curly and golden. Their faces were pink and pretty. Their lips were bright red perfect little bows. Their eyes were large and lustrous, with long black lashes.

He had never seen such beauty. He squirmed closer and his eyes ate at the wrapped figures.

He felt a strange yearning to be held in their arms.

"Show the gents something, girls," said the man with the derby.

The ladies threw back their pink wrappers and stood there.

They wore little lacy pink pants and something pink and tight across their swelling breasts and nothing else.

He saw the soft curve of their stomachs and their "belly buttons."

And then he was inside the tent, wedged in between two men who grunted and moaned as the ladies writhed and twisted in contortions that sent his blood pounding through him.

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TOY SOLDIERS

Late that afternoon he walked away from the tent.

His dollar was gone.

Ten times he had bought tickets and ten times he had seen them.

He didn't care.

Something new and beautiful had come into his life.

Something he had never known.

The downy hairs on his hot cheeks itched and he scratched them.

Even his voice had changed.

He had forgotten all about that little toy cannon in the window and now he wondered why he had ever wanted it so.

And he never touched his brave little lead soldiers again, except to put them away in their cardboard boxes.

..... All this he had been thinking while he was gazing at that blank spot on the wall, while the Cub had been looking at him and imagining he was going to break a big story and blast the mayor or the district attorney or somebody.

All this and something else, too.

Something about last Christmas.

Last Christmas his friend, Harlan Ware, who many times had heard his story of how he had given up playing with little lead soldiers, had given him a set of them.

Exactly the same kind that he had played with in the attic when he had wanted the little cannon in the shop window and before he had gone to the Fair.



Photogs Bill Brunk, Cliff Wesselmann, George O'Day caught in Mirror reporter Jim Denyer's candid camera, shoot Dragnas.

There was little subtlety in Harlan's gift. With it was a card which read: "Perhaps, Old Boy, the time has come for you to resume playing with these."

It simply meant that with the passing years a circle had been completed.

He had stood the soldiers Harlan had given him on a shelf over his desk in his den at home.

He liked to look at them.

They were so brave and good.

So brave and good as was the world of his youth.

Maybe, he thought, he could even find a little toy cannon like the one in the shop window and he would buy it after the long, long years between.

Then he had realized there wouldn't be any little toy cannon for him to buy.

They don't make them any more—now that they're making the atom bomb.

.....

★ Our Ideal

"To make well and to trade fairly. To profit not alone in dollars but in the good will of those with whom we deal. To correct our errors. To improve our opportunities and to rear from the daily work a structure which shall be known for all that is best in business."

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100 NEWSPAPER YEARS

was used by the Picayune, which thus beat the world. These dispatches were well written, full of drama and facts. I have read several of them.

The spirit of these times is graphically shown in the painting "News from the Mexican War Front" by Richard Caton Woodville, the American artist. He was born in Baltimore in 1820 and died in London in 1855.

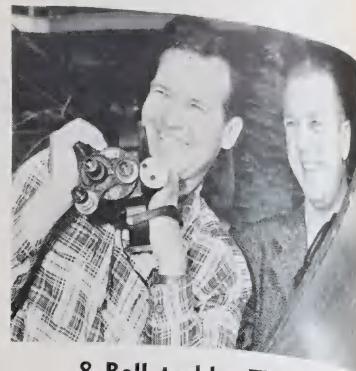
This picture shows a group on the porch of a rural hotel, which had a barroom and a post office. A Negro slave is seated in the foreground. The central figure holds up a newspaper, which shows it has been folded to go through the mails. The word "extra" in large type dominates the top of the page, which appears to be about the standard size of newspapers today. The man is reading the news of an American victory over the Mexicans, and the other figures in the painting are overjoyed.

Woodville was one of the top early American artists to my mind as good

as Bingham. He went to London where he was all the rage. He was sent to India which the British were conquering, and he did some graphic pictures of those events. Those were the days of the colored print made famous by Currier & Ives, which took the place of our modern magazines and illustrated newspapers.

By the Civil War, photography had come in. Brady's pictures, which have been published in albums, show that the boys with the cumbersome big black boxes did wonderfully well, except of course on action stuff. Civil War reporting was of the best. I have browsed through the files of the New York Herald reading the stories of what is still the toughest war Americans have ever fought. Only a few weeks ago "Rustics in Rebellion" by George Alfred Townsend has been republished by the North Carolina Press. A young reporter for the New York Herald, Townsend wrote the book soon after the end of the Civil War. It is good reporting today.

The Spanish-American war probably saw the last—the Mexican revolu-



8-Ball tackles TV with Watson, Johnson team.

tion is perhaps an exception—of the old school war correspondent. Richard Harding Davis and Stephan Crane as writers and as reporters have never been excelled if equaled.

Thus it is that newspapermen have rich traditions, new as our calling is. Journalism no doubt will be improved in some particulars, but its character is set. If we can only carry on in the same spirit we shall fulfill our function in society. This function is not to educate—how I hate that word!—but to throw light.

. . . .

A CORDIAL INVITATION

is extended to members of THE PRESS and their friends to visit the newly established PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPARTMENT of Pacific Electric Railway Co., or to call on it at any time for press information.

James G. Shea
Director

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Red-hot deadline picture made at dinner for publishers June 14. Left to right, front row: John J. Knezevich, publisher, Palos Verdes News; Manchester Boddy, publisher, Daily News; David W. Hearst, publisher, Evening Herald and Express; Harold Lloyd, Imperial Potentate of Shrine; L. D. Hotchkiss, editor, The Times; Agnes E. Dow, publisher, Gardena Valley News; J. C. Davis, publisher, Whittier News; Ralph Turner, publisher, Temple City Times; James B. Smith, publisher, La Puente Valley Journal. Left to right, rear row: Leonard Riblett, assistant city editor, L. A. Examiner and

chairman, Greater Los Angeles Press Club; Robert M. Mount, business manager, L. A. Examiner; Carroll W. Parcher, publisher, Glendale News Press and Burbank Review; J. Edward Murray, managing editor, The Mirror; J. A. Briggs, assistant to the publisher, The Mirror; Paul T. Ferrer III, assistant publisher, Wave Publications; Art Hews, publisher, Lomita Progress; Henry C. Vanderhook, publisher, Huntington Park Signal; Malcolm Epley, political editor representing Long Beach Press-Telegram; John Rose, GLAPC secretary and special events chairman.

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS

panzee went back to her trees and it wasn't until three Chimpanzee generations later that the Martian strain showed up when one day one of the grandchildren started walking around on his hind legs, immediately losing face with every other monkey in the forest. Some legends refer to him as the first man.

Of course, the rest of the history is easy to guess. The Martians returned to their planet, related their exciting experiences, and other hardy explorers quickly paid us a visit.

There naturally was a run on Chimpanzees.

For a hell of a long while earth was sort of an educational tour for every one on Mars. Expeditions became a municipal operation and there was a great rush on Mars by the populace to get into politics.

Martian scientists were the last to discover this interest established by a brand new planet and after one visit, the thing that walked about on its hind legs was put under microscopes. The tail bothered the scientists.

With this exception the animal had the same bodily structure as a Martian.

So the scientists performed an operation. They removed the tail and for several generations watched the development of this tailless monkey who, frankly, was having a hell of a time getting along in his way of life.

So, the Martian minds decided man's mind should be re-designed and, as the story goes, a male and a female were taken from earth to Mars.

A hothouse was built which con-

tained all the earthen elements and plants. Into this space the two bewildered humans were housed and operations were performed on their craniums, the idea being to give each a Martian brain with telepathic attachments. The brain was changed but the two insisted on talking to each other by the use of guttural sounds instead of adapting the quiet peaceful telepathic communication system.



Genuit covers up for D. N. drip.

The Martian scientists gave up in disgust.

The two changed Chimpanzees were tossed back on earth where, because they did have considerable intelligence, they got along all right.

Some story tellers insist that the names of these two unsatisfactory experiments were Adam and Eve.

We won't trace the history of the Martians any further.

There is a theory that the later scientists of Mars did develop a person—a man, whose intelligence was of the proper standards and whom they sent back to earth.

Hundreds of similar experiments have been made down through the ages. It was easy for these persons to become teachers and leaders, and in our own records they beat a dramatic path in the development, or if you prefer, the downfall of the descendants of the little lady Chimpanzee.

There are perhaps a dozen of these people walking about on earth today who are the results of special operations performed on a far-off planet.

These are quiet sensitive men who have a vast knowledge of many things; whose minds have telepathic and tele-control accessories; who have the ability to keep in touch with Mars.

In essence they are Martians.

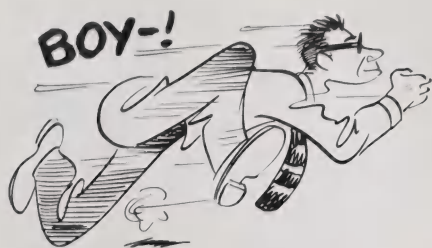
Perhaps you who are reading this may be a Martian.

Perhaps I may be one.

But if we should admit it, who would believe it?

Anyway, there is one thing certain. Just because a person has a big head is no sign he is a Martian.

• • • • •



A LITTLE WRITING JOB

That's the way it went today, except that as Sims started to leave the little man held up a delaying finger, pushed the visor high on his forehead and took off the bifocals. "Sims," he said, "we had a call today from the Moon Outfitting Company. They say you're in arrears with two installments on your television set."

"Oh? That's surprising. I'll have to speak to the missus. She handles our finances."

"Uh huh. Let's keep them happy. They're fussy about these things upstairs, you know. Big advertisers, Moon Outfitting."

Sims stiffened. Well, now. Where did this — this bookkeeper — get off making like a business manager? *Let's keep them happy. All right, T. J., he felt like saying, let's. Let's you and I do that. Just how much of it would you like to pay?* But he didn't.

Instead, he relaxed and tried to sound casual. "Oh," he replied, "I'm sure the wife simply has overlooked it, T. J. Besides, I plan to pay off the whole thing on July first. Got some outside money coming in, from a little writing job."

"That'll be fine."

Sims walked to the door.

"By the way," said the little man, "you'll find your check five dollars short. Red Cross."

Sims managed a smile, and a grunt, and left.

"Bourbon and water," he said, easing onto the first stool. "And order me a salami on white, will you, Jack?" The bartender set up the drink, already half-made when it was ordered, and walked toward the kitchen.

Pulling the pay envelope from his inside coat pocket, Sidney Sims shook his head as he looked at the check. He drew out the \$17.85 expense money, laid it on the bar, and replaced envelope and check in his pocket. Good system, this, paying expenses in cash. Otherwise a man seldom would have a buck to call his own. Trite thought, but what the little woman didn't know surely couldn't hurt her.

He toyed with the ice in the drink and watched the people rushing in both directions past the door. Five o'clock, and there they were, drudges all, hurrying home, for what? He liked having "lunch" at five o'clock. Set him apart from the mob. Two other good things about the 1:00-to-10:00 shift; he could sleep late, and didn't have to buck the crowds, coming or going.

"Salami on white," the bartender announced. "Mustard?"

"No, thanks." He pushed forward the 85 cents from the expense money. "Take the sandwich and drink out of this. Then let's have a look at my tab." He took a bite of the sandwich.

The barkeeper came back with a cigar box from a cupboard beneath the cash register. He opened the box, thumbed through a pile of paper-clipped slips, and selected the thickest bunch of the lot. He placed the stack on the bar so the customer could read

the figured-out total. "Thirty-six, sixty, Mister Sims."

Sidney Sims gave a little whistle. He took a sip of his drink, set down the glass and slid forth a ten dollar bill from the remaining \$17 expense money. "Let's chop off this much of it, Jack."

"All right, Mister Sims. Uh — is that all you want to take care of? The boss told me to say he'd like to clear it all up this week. You know I don't care."

"Still a little short, Jack. They took a big bite out of my check for Red Cross."

"Oh. They got me, too. Last week."

"Tell you what, though. You can tell the boss if I don't have it all cleared up by July first, I'll take care of it then for sure. I'll have a big check coming in. Got a little writing job to do."

"That's good. I'll tell him. Another drink?"

"No. This'll do it."

He washed down the last bite of the sandwich, pocketed his \$7, and started on his customary walk around the block before returning to the office.

* * *

It was a quiet evening. By 9 o'clock he had handled only two short pieces over the phone. It looked as if he might coast through the final hour. He reached for the bottom drawer and the magazine, but the desk-man canceled that plan.

"Fire at Eighty-third and Hoover, Sims. Valuable dogs trapped in a burning kennel. Pick up Smitty, and call in by nine-thirty."

The fire was out when Sims and the photog arrived. Damage was mi-

The support of the press,
radio and television professions
of Greater Los Angeles has done much to insure a
measure of happiness for the
handicapped youngsters of this area.

THE CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S
SOCIETY OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY



THE HUMAN NOT BOY... GOT THE JOB.

A LITTLE WRITING JOB

nor. The dogs had been liberated and the kennel-man had them herded into a neighboring garage. While Sims phoned the office, Smitty made a shot of a fireman holding a nozzle under an arm and petting a mother boxer with four puppies.

On their way back, Smitty reminded Sims of the dollar he had pledged last week for Old Man Pryor's funeral flowers, and was mildly surprised when Sims paid off.

"I figured you'd forgotten about it," said Smitty. "But I had to shell out for the flowers and there's still four-fifty I haven't collected."

"Glad you mentioned it. Just slipped my mind." From the passenger's seat, which he more than filled, he was enjoying the ride as they glided along in Smitty's new MG roadster. "What did this thing set you back, Smitty?"

"With the radio, heater and taxes, a little under two thousand."

"Sweet job. It really purrs. I may get one of these. Then the wife can have our old heap for herself. But it'll have to wait till July first."

"What's gonna happen then?"

"I'll be in the chips. Got a little outside writing job to do. Ten thousand bucks worth."

"Whew. What are you writing, a movie?"

"Nope."

"A book?"



"DO YOU HAVE THE TIME?"

"No. I'm not at liberty to tell you. But you'll know about it."

* * *

Back at the office he knocked out a sub on the fire for the home edition, turned it in and noted it was past quitting time. Smitty came in with his art and stopped at Sims' desk.

"Buy you a quick one," said the photog. With the matter of the flower money settled, he felt at least companionable. Besides, it would be good policy to buy a drink for a guy coming into ten grand.

"Thanks, but not tonight, Smitty. I'm sticking here for awhile to work on that deal I told you about."

He called his wife and informed her he'd be late. Going to work on that little writing job.

He opened the bottom drawer and pulled out the magazine. He made a quick survey of the city room, to make sure there were no potential kibitzers, and opened the magazine to the page he had marked.

He read the garish announcement once more. That's what it said, all right — First Prize, \$10,000 . . . Payment to be made July first . . . Twenty-five additional words or less.

Sidney Sims placed a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriter, glanced again at the instructions, and thoughtfully pecked away:

Gentlemen: I like Loadsa Suds Miracle Soap because—.

* * *

MENE TEKEL

city of 200,000 population upwards are publishers without one and sometimes two of the FCC licenses.

Why are these publishers gallivanting into the air?

Chances are nil that they have only succumbed to the mass enchantment of TV and want the stations just to play around with. A TV station costs a half a million dollars. But the chances are very probable they are grabbing a big share of TV because they see it as a threat to the millions they have invested in printing plants.

We can be reasonably sure that their judgment in this venture is the very same realistic, dollar-and-cents awareness which has brought businessmen to the fore in the newspaper world during the past 30 years, dumping many a newsman from the top spots.

Sharp in the mind of today's business office publisher is the fact that his editorial-minded predecessor of a generation ago showed catastrophic judgment when radio made its noisy advent.

For it is well known that considerable anguish has since been felt in newspaper owning families because the publishing papas of that time didn't buy and hold onto radio stations when they had every chance.

Instead, the press hailed the then raucous voiced little fellow with vast and benign interest. Radio was big news. It boosted circulation. But the

(continued on next page)

Greetings . . .

Over 2000 homes completed—

Business Center
now under construction

"PANORAMA CITY"

"The Talk O' The Town"

See furnished models
in the heart of the
San Fernando Valley
8300 Van Nuys Boulevard

Daily and Sunday

THE

Rexall

DRUG

COMPANY

MENE TEKEL

great majority of publishers, perhaps because they were of the charming genus newsman and concerned with things scholarly and political, did not see radio as a financial menace to their burgeoning prosperity.

These publishers were serenely unmindful of the fact that they were cooperating handsomely in breaking the lush monopoly the printing press had theretofore held on mass attention. For the advertisers of consumer goods had no other way of hawking their products except through the papers and magazines. The press was in its golden age when the vast newspaper fortunes were made. Even a newsman, with a monopoly, could make money.

The publishers handed their chief asset—news—over to radio. The new medium thrived mightily, seizing upon mass mind with a fascination the press could not equal. It became first with the big news. It sluiced millions of

advertising dollars away from the newspapers.

A few of the early business office publishers, who had sized up radio realistically, were very happy indeed with their goldmine stations. But the rest, becoming suddenly aware of their error, were downcast. The advertising monopoly of the press was broken. Radio, which they had nurtured with acres of free publicity, had turned into a Frankenstein's monster.

Along about 1932, the out-in-the-cold publishers set up a terrific howl against radio. They kicked its chit-chat columns out of their papers, grudgingly gave in to circulation demands by retaining the bare log of station programs. They tried to force the news services, which they had labored long to develop, to cease selling news to radio. But they failed.

News stories began to appear in the papers that radio was injurious to health, that some obscure doctor was of the opinion that mysterious rays emanated from radio receiving sets which would paralyze the listener. But this had no effect. People by the many millions were dizzy with the delights of radio. And so were the mass producers of consumer goods.

Radio remained first with the news, first in power to attract and hold mass attention and first, in some regards, as the most effective sales medium in all history.

And thus did it come about that about one fifth of the metropolitan papers died during 25 years of radio. Their monopoly broken, the newspapers could not make the grade financially. They could not jack up their advertising rates to keep pace with publishing costs. And thus it came to pass that newsmen publishers began to fade rapidly from the picture and the businessmen to take over control.

Now comes TV. And it is very likely that the smarter of the business office publishers now see that television is breaching the last great financial bulwark of the press—cutting into

the one type of advertising that radio was not suited to handle and upon which the surviving big town newspapers have relied.

This remaining pillar of the press is the department store display ads.

Newspapers had the one attribute that radio didn't in keeping an almost intact monopoly on store advertisements—visibility. We could print a picture of the dress, hat or whatever. And the department store people found it was just about impossible to sell a hat to a woman without showing it, or a picture of it, to her. Radio had only words.

The stores, after many experiments to find a sales technique via low cost radio, concluded that something more than words and music was necessary. So they chaffingly submitted to the higher priced newspaper ads. Rumor has it that the press really put the pressure on the stores on a "you can't get along without us" basis. The merchants didn't like it. They banded together and published advertising throwaways in the effort to get us off their necks. But this dodge didn't work very well. They were compelled to buy our space to sell their goods.

However, the picture is changing today. The keener publishers must be well aware that the department stores are experimenting avidly with television.

The sales results, it is being whispered around the marts, are very promising. And it is said that the department stores look forward to an ecstatic honeymoon with TV when it comes of age in a couple of years.

All of this, of course, is very bad news indeed for the publishers. It will very likely mean a drastic gash in the store budgets for newspaper advertising. All of us in the trade know how economy minded the publishers have become lately. Costs—both labor and newsprint—are pressing close on newspaper income. A 50 per cent cut in store ads would dunk many, many sheets into deep red and perhaps into sad memory.

Some able people in the higher echelons of business say that it was perhaps just such a stark glimpse of newspapering's near future that caused Time's shrewd, balding Henry Luce to turn an agile flip-flop in mid-air. Re-

GREETINGS

from

**GEORGE
STAHLMAN**

and

**GRANT B.
COOPER**

Anniversary

Greetings

JERRY GIESLER

Best Wishes

MAX SOLOMON

Best Wishes

MAX FINK

MENE TEKEL

member? How his numerous newspaper tents hereabouts were folded overnight, and he went away with nary a word of explanation. That happened just after TV had begun its zooming career.

In our purview of TV, let us not fall prematurely for the "passing fad" gag with which the purblind have greeted every great technical advance of mankind. The cloistered, hand-printing monks grunted it when old man Gutenberg defied God and popped up with the first printing press. It is just possible that TV is going to effect a very radical change in our entire culture. For something tremendous is now happening, and our economy has never before seen the like.

Never before has a comparatively high priced item as a TV set sold in such frenzied volume. In two years in Los Angeles the sales to dealers of a single manufacturer—Admiral—jumped from zero to \$9,000,000. Sets sold in the leading telecasting areas of the nation—New York, Chicago and Los Angeles—last year totaled 2,800,000. This year, as reported for the entire industry by Zenith, the sales are topping 100,000 sets a week, making a very probable total of more than 5,000,000.

Hard headed advertisers, who have great respect for a buck, are leaping into TV in droves. In the past year, as reported by Time, Mar. 20, 1950, the number of sponsors skyrocketed from 680 to 2316. There must be sales magic on the screen.

The TV station gents have that buoyant air about them, too. They seem to be sure, way down deep, that

they are carrying the golden ball of destiny. They have warm, pulsating visions of a really breathtaking future. In a few years, when there is a TV set in almost every American home, they see the prospect of phonevision taking in five and even ten million dollar cash gates for big sport events, and huge paid audiences in the homes for first run movies and Broadway plays. The TV men believe that you and I will pay a buck, via phonevision, to see a world champ fight, a Rose Bowl game.

And a survey of set owners has shown them they are right, they say.

Phonevision will be in operation this year. Theater owners are understandably perturbed about it, knowing as they do that even the present odd job entertainment fare of TV, with its ancient films etc., has already reduced their audiences by 25 per cent in the telecasting centers.

Certainly the publishers can feel some sympathy for the theater men. TV's indicated onslaught on the theaters through phonevision will certainly put some theaters out of business, thus cutting further into newspaper income by reducing the high rate amusement ads.

The brighter publishers, who have

FCC licenses, must see portents of things to come and things to go. Why else would they be so strong in television?

We can be certain they know that circulation is no gauge of a newspaper's prosperity, for unless there is sufficient income from advertising, high circulation just adds to the burden of costs. The problem is purely financial, and not whether or not people will maintain their newspaper reading habits in the future.

What form the newspapers of the future are to take—if a change is indicated by TV's probable cut into advertising budgets—is a problem for the creativeness of newsmen to solve. As yet, it has not become a problem. But—

As we consider these various straws in the ether, we can perhaps grasp a notion of why those publishers with sufficient cash and vision are enchanted by TV.

How do these publishers read the message of the image now flickering on those millions of screens over against so many living room walls?

Does it say to them anent newspapers:

MENE . . . TEKEL . . . etc?

.



Established 1859

Los Angeles Unit

YES,

BANK OF AMERICA IS THE BANK
OF THE LITTLE FELLOW

IT'S YOUR
BANK
TOO!

A PLANTER'S PUNCH

But knowing and understanding, we think, temperamental artists, we got out of this one by just telling her we would release no single pictures. All pictures of her would be in groups with other people. This was but a minor scrape.

However, there are occasions when a P A's life in the theatre is bountiful. Take that time, for instance, when a city desk suggested we look for a romance among the members of our light opera company, then playing at the Philharmonic Auditorium. For best results on backstage cooperation, you usually clear things with the stage manager. In this instance, Mike Jeffrey was very helpful. He cooked up three romances. We photographed one of the couples and in answering questions about their romance, the chorus boy said "It's pretty legitimate".

Note, city desk used the story, but the "pretty legitimate" was blue penciled.

Though most P A's clients are numbered among the acting and singing profession, it seldom, if ever, occurs that he joins them in their art.

However, one memorable experience stands out when Otto Rothschild, one of the highly respected free-lance cameramen in town, and your writer were sent to Long Beach for an assignment of picture taking of the San Carlo Opera performance of "La Traviata".

Everyone was in good spirits. We were flashing our pictures on stage during the first intermission and stage hands assured us we had plenty of time. Suddenly from the pit flared forth the beautiful strains of Verdi's melodic score. Lucille Meusel, our subject, in a stage whisper that could be

heard from one wing to the other excitedly exclaimed, "My God, there goes the curtain" and whisked off into the wings.

Instinctively trying to make ourselves appear small, we started to slink off the stage, each with a camera bag slung over our shoulders. The curtain had risen at least four feet when we could hear a shout of glee from the audience who must have thought the second act of "Traviata" was to be played in modern dress. As we approached the wings, the explosion of unprintable Italian greeting us left no doubt that our picture taking for that evening was over. Bring out the 8-ball again!!

We looked for mention of our debut in the Long Beach papers the next day, but those stalwart citizens had evidently taken their opera straight and nary a mention.

Passes always pose a problem for the press agent. In this department, the 8-ball gets a very hearty workout. For the downtrodden peddler of perky paragraphs is always behind the "black sphere of the pool table" from management, box-office staff, company manager, and city room officialdom.

One horrible experience comes to mind. It was on the occasion of opening night of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, several years back when important press coverage had been planned, necessitating quite a number of opening night tickets.

The P A had wrangled for several hours with the local impresario regarding seat locations for these working newspapermen and women. Imagine our surprise that evening, when we just fortunately happened to be in the box-office as our people inquired for their tickets to hear the box-office attendant nonchalantly say, "There is nothing here for you. Please step aside."

The 8-ball loomed larger than ever at that moment. I hurriedly made a search of the box-office for the missing

ducats to find that they had carelessly been thrown in one of the unused ticket racks, all neatly banded together with a rubber band. They were salvaged in time to prevent a catastrophe of atomic proportions. 8-ball, we gotcha that time.

Stunts, especially when they take place in the theatre, are press agents' dreams, and one that nearly put us on the run to Kalamazoo occurred the opening night of the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera production of "Firefly", a few years back.

The opening scene calls for a reporter to interview one of the stars in the production while chorus men, in the guise of newspaper cameramen, flash pictures. The brilliant idea hit us, "Why not have the real thing occur?" That evening, Frank Fiske, then with the Herald Express, arrived backstage for his instructions to go on as the reporter in that opening scene. Unbeknownst to Frank or our star, we had arranged with Otto Rothschild to supply one of the chorus boy photographers with a loaded flashgun camera. At the psychological moment during the action of the play when Frank Fiske was interviewing our star before a sold-out first night audience, this chorus boy was to flash the picture which we hoped would be (and was) used in the paper the next day.

The shadow of the 8-ball hovered near us during those first few minutes of the first act, because like all opening performances, this one had had far too few rehearsals and everyone backstage was jittery, notwithstanding the producer. We didn't know what reaction our star would have when the picture was taken, and we were holding our breath that Frank, troupier that he is, would not stumble his lines. He didn't. Our star, though slightly befuddled as the picture was snapped, but a master at ad-libbing, turned to the chorus boy and said, "What the hell is that for?"

It would not be difficult to go on and on recounting experiences, amusing and otherwise, of the P A in his daily struggle for recognition for his clients, and his endeavors to satisfy requirements of the desks.

Take the Hollywood flack, for instance, whose publicity conscious producer keeps telling him how to write his "pearls of wisdom" and when and

BE SURE TO SEE YOSEMITE OPEN ALL YEAR

Stories and photos on
Yosemite National Park
available from—

Yosemite Park and Curry Co.
Yosemite National Park
or
514 So. Grand Ave.
Los Angeles - MA 6-0515

Howard G. Mayer and Associates
Public Relations
Chicago Los Angeles

A PLANTER'S PUNCH

how to plant his copy, when he, the producer, has never been inside a newspaper office.

Or the press agent with a tear in his voice who pleadingly approaches the city desk with, "Here's a good yarn. We really need the break. How about it, huh? Do you think you can use it tomorrow. Sure would appreciate it. Anything you can do. Boss's been riding me lately. Give me a break will you, huh? Thanks a lot."

By the way, here *IS* a swell yarn for tomorrow—

• • • •

REPORT FROM CHAIRMAN

These are not simple problems, and to solve them requires long range planning and sustained effort.

While concerned with such long range planning, the Board was jolted shortly after the first of the year with the loss of certain mechanical contrivances. These had provided light exercise for the membership and at the same time had paid the club's operating expenses.

In short, the club, which in many ways resembled a lusty, spoiled brat, began losing \$100 a day.

We still are losing money.

But the loss is being reduced by careful scrutiny of expenditures and a more aggressive campaign to raise funds.

Businesswise, the club is an efficient organization. Back of that organization is a hard working board of directors, each member of which deserves great credit. While they have disagreed violently on some issues, they are in agreement on one thing: none wants credit, just a little help with their various committees.

To Jack Cravens is assigned the club's most ambitious project, the Gridiron Dinner planned for October. This will be an annual event.

Nelson "Pete" Pringle, vice-chairman of the Board, heads the Building Committee. He has worked out an excellent program. That program has been postponed until it is prudent to spend the money. He has one tip for the membership: the club has been

(continued on page 95)



Crown City "Pasadines" Richardson, Jr., Swaim, Sage, Debus, FitzGerald, Copeland, J. and "Ham" Stewart, and Birkenshaw.

IN MEMORIAM

Charles D. Hed, Glendale News-Press; Charles W. Paddock, Long Beach Press-Telegram; Robert Ritchie, Examiner; Quentin Reger and Jack Burrud, Herald-Express; Tom Treanor, Bob Smyser and Stuart Wells, Times; Jack Singer, International News Service; and Jack Frankish, United Press.

Others honored:

Associated Press—Asahel Bush, Bede Irvin, Joseph Morton, Harry E. Crockett and De Witt Hancock; International News—John R. Cashman; New York Herald-Tribune—Ben Robertson and Ralph Barnes; Harpers—Max Brand; Popular Science—Harold Kulick; Life—Lucien A. Labaut; Scripps-Howard—Ernie Pyle and Raymond Clapper; Acme Newspictures—

Frank Prist and Carl Thusgaard; Reader's Digest—Frederick C. Painton.

Baltimore Sun—Ben Miller; Chicago Daily News—John B. Terry; Colliers—Robert Bellaire; Fort Worth Star-Telegram—Stanley W. Gunn; PM—Leah Burdett; Mutual Broadcasting System—Frank J. Cubel; United Press—John J. Andrew, Webb Miller, Harry L. Percy and Brydon Taves; New York Times—Robert P. Post, Byron Darnton and Harold Denny; Time-Life—William Chickering and Melville Jacoby; New Yorker—David Lardner; Paramount News—Damien Parer; News Week—William T. Shenkel.

PETE ARTHUR

Anniversary
Congratulations
CHARLES H. CARR

With Compliments of
THE LODGE—THE VILLAGE INN
Lake Arrowhead, California
ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS HOTEL
San Bernardino, California
SAN CARLOS HOTEL
Phoenix, Arizona
MCCOY HOTEL
El Paso, Texas
OPERATED BY THE ALBERTS HOTELS



★ SHORT STORY CONTEST ★

THE JUDGES

COPY-READER: A SONNET

*This, then, had been his destiny
from birth,*

*To desiccate Life's pageant to
a phrase—*

*Pity and terror, hunger, madness,
mirth,*

*Congeaed in MAN SHOOTs FIVE
IN MURDER CRAZE.*

*He'd written poems once. He wrote
no more.*

*His wits had chilled in stereotypes
too long*

*To kindle now one glittering
metaphor;*

*His pulse kept time to headlines,
not to song.*

*It was a sorry business, none
knew better,*

*And there were moments he was
more than half*

*Persuaded to shrug loose
the ultimate fetters,*

*Save that he knew too well his
epitaph,*

*And somehow couldn't stomach
quite the crass*

*Brutality of SCRIBE ENDS LIFE
WITH GAS.*

Contributed by Fred W. Speers



Weaver



Wald



Mainwaring

The board of directors of the Greater Los Angeles Press Club has again selected Messrs. Weaver, Wald and Mainwaring as judges of the short story contest for the second edition of the 8-BALL FINAL.

Of the 29 stories entered, the \$100 first prize went to the Daily News' Darr Smith for "THE RUMOR". David Soibelman, also of the News, took second mention for his "DAY OFF." Richard Hannah of Republic Studios was judged third best with "A LITTLE WRITING JOB".

JOHN WEAVER—grew up in Washington. He worked for the government for 2 years and then to the Kansas City Star for 5 yrs. John has freelanced since 1940 contributing stories to the Atlantic Monthly, Harpers, Sat. Eve. Post, American Mercury, Liberty and McCall's. His first novel, "WIND BEFORE RAIN", appeared in '42.

After 3 years in the Army he authored "ANOTHER SUCH VICTORY" in '48.

DANIEL G. H. MAINWARING—The G and H stand for Geoffrey Homes, the name under which he writes for the screen. As Dan Mainwaring, he was an L.A. newsman for the Examiner, Express, Herald-Express and Daily News. He has 13 novels to his credit with "BUILD MY GALLOWS HIGH" landing him an RKO contract. Mainwaring's screen credits include "Roughshod", "The Big Steal", "The Eagle and the Hawk" and "Lawless".

MALVIN WALD — Screen writer and producer. His first words to see print were items in the column of Mark Hellinger. Wald later wrote "The Naked City", produced by Hellinger, which was nominated for an Academy Award. As Ida Lupino's partner in Filmakers Pictures, Inc., Malvin's current movies are "Outrage" and "The Restless Age".

Congratulations

LOS ANGELES PRESS CLUB

on your third anniversary

THE LOS ANGELES BASEBALL CLUB

Angels' home games at Wrigley Field

BEST WISHES

from the

HUDSON DEALERS

of

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



REPORT FROM CHAIRMAN

offered quarters in the War Memorial Auditorium being sponsored by Greater Los Angeles Plans.

John Rose, board secretary, has the Special Events Committee. Many of the 8-Ball dinners have been sellouts, with such nationally known figures as Admiral Wm. F. Halsey, Captain John Crommelin, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and Dr. Gessell as speakers.

Also to Rose goes a "well done" for the War Memorial dedication at Forest Lawn.

Board Treasurer Pete Arthur is the watchdog of the club's funds and is chairman of the Press Club's Publication Committee.

To Frank Tremaine went the Committee on membership. Shall we say that economic conditions generally have made his job difficult? However, renewals are near one hundred per cent, new members are still coming in, and a drive is now on to increase revenue in the associate and affiliate membership classification.

One of the hardest working board members is Red Humphreys, chairman of the Entertainment Committee. The Saturday night dances are proving the most popular of the club's social functions.

Again the sage counsel of affiliate member John B. Elliott has been invaluable. He is the club's greatest booster. He should be, in fact, Mr. Press Club of 1950.

Frank La Tourette, in addition to

running things radio and television-wise, arranged the Press Club Kids' Christmas party, a highly successful show.

And there have been a few legal problems, too. But we still have Robert Neeb, Jr., as counsel, and we still have never needed a bondsman.

So much for the credits, few though they are and entirely inadequate.

Altogether it has been a healthy year, healthy in the sense that we have discovered some of the ailments from which the club suffers.

But one thing must be thrown back to the membership.

There are no passes to the Press Club.

Your support will make this club grow. The alternative is obvious.

This is granted:

Los Angeles is what the political scientists call a bedroom city. You work here, but live anywhere from San Pedro to San Fernando, Santa Monica to Sierra Madre.

Come on down.

The members of the board have aching backs, but not from taking pratt bows.

They are working to make the club a growing, going organization.

But nine men cannot do it alone.

The Board has had some excellent help. It needs more.

It's your club.

Or don't you want it?

• • • • •

YOU'VE GOT
TO BE BEST

TO BE
FIRST!

*Pierce Brothers
Are First in
Southern
California*

HERE'S WHY—

- 1 — FUNERALS ARE MORE COMPLETE — include many details not ordinarily available!
- 2 — MORE CONVENIENT there is a Pierce Brothers Mortuary in or near every neighborhood!
- 3 — SERVICES COST LESS! funerals from \$70 Budget terms



48th YEAR

PIERCE BROTHERS
Neighborhood Mortuaries

LOS ANGELES, HOLLYWOOD, BEVERLY HILLS, INGLEWOOD, CRENSHAW DISTRICT, VALLEY, LINCOLN HEIGHTS, ALHAMBRA, MONTEREY PARK, SANTA MONICA, VENICE, OCEAN PARK, POMONA.



Lou Haas to desk:
"I can't get in."

FOR RELEASE... Anytime

Funny how they always have a good word or two for you when you go out with the ebb. Then the passage of time erases even that.

But they had a good word for this fellow all the years he made the rounds of the papers. "What's doin', cousin?" was his familiar greeting line.

He'd drop off his copy—most of the time fillers. Two or three liners.

"Any time," he'd say.

And his 240 pounds of mirth would lumber out of the building.

How handy those fellers were, too, especially when they'd keep nudging you in the composing room to get that page off the floor. Drop a filler in this column. Here, close this one. O.K., lock it up; let's go.

He had been a newspaperman, too. Out San Jose way—sports ed. of the Mercury-Herald.

He was only a publicist now, but nobody ever had anything against him. Never a rap for anybody. Just an off-color tale a la Milt Stein, maybe, lots of laughs, and he'd be on his way. It was that way all the time—even when he was down to an emaciated 140 pounds.

"How ya feeling?" they'd ask.

"All right."

Pressed, he'd smile thinly, "No use saying you're not feeling right. What the hell's the diff."

He epitomized the *joie de vivre*, even when he had to fake it.

The man, at 42, eaten away to a



GENE VINASSA

shadow of his former self, was fast paying the debt of nature.

And when they filed past his coffin, the newspapermen, the drum-beaters and the fight and wrestling racket guys just stood around and said the same thing they said when he was making his rounds—a nice guy.

It's a 100-1 shot that wherever he is he's not giving anyone any guff—just doing his work, laughing and making friends. All that came easy for him. And if he's planting any copy, he's probably saying, "Any time... wherever you can."

That was Gene Vinassa... only a publicist.

But a nice guy.

By G. V. VIGNOLLE

COUNTRY CLUB HOTEL

Located in the Heart of Hollywood

HEATED POOL

COCKTAIL LOUNGE

DINING ROOM

Rates: \$5.00 a Day - \$25.00 Weekly

445 North Rossmore
Hollywood 4, California
Phone Hollywood 9-2701



80 and
100 Proof

World's Most
Versatile Blender

Enjoy a

GRAND SLAM

1 1/2 oz. Crown Russe Vodka
Juice of 1/2 lemon
Cream Soda

Put several cubes of ice in
tall cooler glass, add vodka
and lemon. Fill with cream
soda.

MADE OF 100% GRAIN
NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Ask your dealer for free
recipes folder!

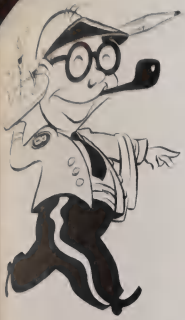


INTERNATIONAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
Bohemian Distributing Company • Los Angeles • Calif.

EASY VISION

Something new... a deluxe Hoffman *Easy-vision* television set... has been added to the Press Club lounge.

What's more, members will continue to view the rasslers, ball games and Hopalong Cassidy in the latest style for some time to come. Each new Hoffman model, will replace our previous set. The PC's thanks go to Ken Mau, assistant director of promotion of the Daily News, for the deal. Don Larson and John Parsons of Hoffman were unable to resist a good sales talk, so to them, too, the club sends its appreciation.



Club CAROUSEL

Fourth floor, please — and if you made the trip regularly here are some of the scenes you witnessed or took part in during the year. Light moments, heavy speakers, entertainment (hot and cold), an occasional mad debauch: put them all together, they spell The Greater.

People below are demonstrating how fortunate they are to have other talents by which to earn livings. Unidentified kibitzers kibitz.



Lila Leeds the boys in art appreciation period, shortly before she was invited east. Students, l to r, are Nils Ljungquist (at foot of class), Clark Roberts, Heber Smith, Larry Miller, Les Wagner, Roby Heard.





Retired Fleet-Adm. William F. (Bull) Halsey, wartime commander of the Third Fleet, delivers himself of some

salty opinions about state of nation and its defense policies before a capacity audience at 8-Ball dinner.



After dinner "The Bull" is converged on by PCers who knew him when. Clockwise, they're Jim Bassett, Frank Tremain, Johnny Rose, Leonard Riblett, Bob Hartmann, Irwin Baker.

Walter Cochrane, looking like an Irishman at left, says he believes in nailing 'em young.



How to get foundered on Founders' Day. Richard "Red" Skelton presides at cask while Johnny Rose helps Clyde Duber with pyrene chaser. Charlie Grimes

holds glass to spigot. Right rear are Jack Cravens and Al "Old Pal" La Forge, and right front are Grant Cooper and Judson Smith. Cask is traditional.



Entertainer Don "Old Faithful" Mathers scores direct hit between the eyes of his aide, "The Princess."



Two visiting foreign newsmen give us double-o. Local end men are Phil Garrison (left) and Chuck Chappell.



Navy Capt. John G. Crommelin, whose outspoken criticism of armed forces unification led him into a sea of hot water, gets glad hand from Leonard Riblett.



Who else but the multitalented, irrepressible Watson Brothers? Reading in the

customary manner, their first names are Coy, Billy, Harry, Delmar, Bobs, and Gary.

It's later than you think when Ferdie Olmo and Bill Willingham show such lack of imagination. They're wondering, "Where are the boys tonight?" So are the Earl Carroll Girls, Inc.



Dr. David Tracy, genuine triple w

What can that W of Old Philly. All v



Dr. David Tracy, St. Louis Browns hypnotist, throws a genuine triple whammy on Mrs. Maurice Mitchell.



Caricaturist Don Barclay catches Mrs. Red Humphreys. Amused onlookers in the rear, left to right, Margaret Jones, Mrs. Harry Watson and Mrs. Eddie Boldetti.



What can that Willingham have? Can't be the bottle of Old Philly. All we know about her is her name is Pat.



Attentions of Mrs. Judson Smith win hearty approval from Joseph Scott, dean of Los Angeles legal eagles.



Jack Carson, who thinks of everything, supplies his own properly-befuddled stooge for amazing card trick.



Gloria Lind (left, right and center, but especially right — or her left —) and fascinated Bushy Ogler.



Tony Lovullo, 16, at height of show-stopping performance. He obliged with several lusty encores.



Real serious moment during practical application of dramatic art. Name of man in white shirt is Bob Long.



Chow-time the night they auctioned off a fur-lined soap dish for the benefit of whom

it may concern. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman, left, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Moroney.



Casey Shawhan shows off his newest trick of making big ones out of little ones. — Walter Ames, left, and Harry Watson reportedly did not say, "We'll be jiggered."



Attorneys S. S. Hahn and Grant Cooper supplied the makin's for this Daily News-Displaced persons binge.



Carroll Girls, Inc., again. Wally Ford, Paula Raymond and Phil Tully are entertainers in the rear.



Too many names for two lines. Seated center are Mrs. Jevene Appleby Harnish, San Berdo Mayor Cunningham.



Dick Sweeney (right) tells it to them; they're not impressed. They're Vernon and Virginia MacPherson.



Surnames, 1 to r: Adler, Sheehy, Keast, Long, Percy, Snow, Cornell, Sargent. Ham night in dining room.



Bob Hargrove on phone: "Asleep, eh? 'Sonly 1:30. Hold on. We'll play you eight bars of reveille."



Luncheon meetings of football writers usually pack 'em in. Gloomy predictions and lame explanations can

be expected. Harried individual on the spot here with Big Ned Cronin is Fred Haney of Hollywood Stars.



This is a coin-tossing act put on by Grant Cooper (left) and Sammy Hahn following dinner for DNDPs.



Leo Carrillo turns up nose at roses from Scott Peterson (left) and Bill Kiley. Photog's idea for pic.



Fulton Lewis Jr. listens to Johnny Rose talk about Johnny Rose. Others at least appear to be amused.



Judgment day for the photogs. Making selections, l to r, Ernest Bachrach, Clarence Bull, Ray Jones.



Skelton again, with hilarious drunk act. Seated from left, Messrs Ames, Saldana, Cravens, Riblett.



Mother Brunk, the old sew an' sew, puts forth a pair of helping hands for Earl Carroll Girls, Inc.



Deadline time, and the only names we have are Harry Crocker and 'is 'ollywood 'ighness Mike Romanoff.



Bob Mitchell Choirboys get enthusiastic reception during their delightful Saturday night songfest.



From left, Alex Kahn, Frank and Mrs. Tremaine, Mrs. Kahn, Gloria Stipe, and Bernard Hammerbeck.



Personality kids are Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Riblett. Others shown are Jack Carson and Lola Albright.

CLUB PERSONNEL

Here is the Press Club's personal guarantee that your visits will be unsurpassed in comfort and courtesy. Day or night this alert crew hums a tune called EFFICIENCY.



Should manager George Forsyth and Marion Fischer (ass't. mgr.) ever change their names, the executive board in full appreciation would suggest Bromo and Seltzer respectfully. They make the club's mistakes look good and the successes look natural.



The personality of the Press Club's day shift above is keenly portrayed in this photo. (L to R) Alfred Kellough, Lupi Castillo, Bill Willingham (bartender), Jack Duran and Louis Orona (head waiter).

Taking a well earned 'time out' are the three musketeers below of the night shift. A toast to Rudy Quintanar (waiter), Kay Gallagher (night receptionist) and Spencer Kurtz (night bartender).



THE RUMOR

Pvt. Finney cleared his throat. A medic looked up, pulled his head out of the draft from an air conditioning unit which had been issued to the hospital. He growled an annoyed, "Well?"

"I just wondered," said Pvt. Finney, "if I have to go on the sick book to get a 'Pro'?"

The medic slowly got up off his chair; his mouth ajar.

"What did you say you wanted? For a minute it sounded like you said you wanted a 'Pro'."

A look of complete innocence flooded Pvt. Finney's fatty face. "But, Sergeant," he said, "that's what I did say. I do want a 'Pro'."

The medic gasped, "But where . . . ? Who . . . ? It's been 18 or 19 days since we were in port!" Then suspiciously, "Say, what the hell goes on here?"

Pvt. Finney drew himself up with dignity. "Sergeant," he said, "I believe I am within my rights when I say that my private affairs are none of your affair. All I want from your organiza-



tion is a 'Pro', which it is your duty to give. Now, if you please, I will have the same."

The medic stared hard at him. "Okay, Okay," he said, "get over there to that wash basin in the corner."

Pvt. Finney did as he was told, unbuckling his belt as he went.

Well, the medic told the medical administrative non-com, who told the ship's surgeon, who repeated it in his stateroom over whiskey he had saved for an occasion.

The medic also told it to the mess sergeant, who told it to the cooks, who

told it to the KP's, who spread it around among the men in the holds and on deck that night.

Second Lieutenant Harold Anderson heard about it, and shocked First Lieutenant Emma Anderson when he relayed it to her. But she passed it on anyway (pledging secrecy) to First Lieutenant Ruth Jones. Lieutenant Jones told her very close friend, another nurse, and added, "I always suspected *that* one."

In this manner the ship began to talk. By next morning the army officers on the bridge looked encouraged as they redoubled their amatory parries and thrusts. No nurse was speaking to any other nurse. Second Lieutenant Harold Anderson had a spat with First Lieutenant Emma Anderson and was packing his bag.

The turbines were fixed. The ship was plowing ahead. And on the decks—among the enlisted men—there was no boredom.

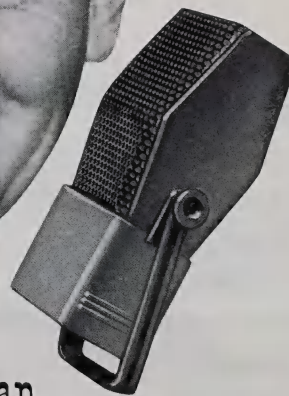
Pvt. Finney sat against a bulkhead in the shade cleaning his fingernails.

— 30 —

HOWARD HUGHES

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WHERE'S
EVERYBO

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Stratton Story
He thought
was something

WHERE'S EVERYBODY?

tells me. You know what radio is . . . ulcers with options. So many comics have changed networks recently, I tuned in and found Amos 'n' Andy duelling for the hand of John's Other Wife. It's getting so the housewife doesn't know whether to rinse her undies in Swan soap suds, or wear them and be half safe.

And the engineer. You've seen him in the control room. He's the guy who points to his nose to indicate you're right on time. When he holds it, it means just what you think.

Radio has such wonderful customs. For instance, if you mention Bulova, the manufacturer sends you a beautiful wrist watch. If you say Mixmaster, you get a free kitchen. I came on the air last week and said: "Well, here I am!" . . . and Swift and Co. sent me a ham.

There are a lot of comedians on the air. Even Jimmy Fidler is sending open spirit messages to Joe Miller. I wouldn't say there were too many comics, but the latest sets now have dials that read: *On . . . Off and . . . Cuddled!*

There are even lady comics. Most girls give me a lot of laughs. That's about all I get.

But I think the woman's place is in the home . . . and just give me the address! Yes sir, anytime a lady turns comic, you can bet the humor is broad.

But television's the coming medium. I'm studying it every night. You can meet me any night at Joe's, the little place with the neon sign . . . They tried to make a test of Crosby in color television. But he came out all green. Then they found he had his wallet open.

They say one out of every four now has television. The others are still paying for the cars that Madman Muntz gave away in 1942.

But television and newspapers don't seem to have the censorship problems that movies and the radio have. I understand they almost didn't get *The Stratton Story* by the Memphis censor. He thought "holding down the bag" was something dirty.



"YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO WORK HERE IN THE DAYTIME."

And radio. Few people who hear a gag on the air realize how lucky that joke is to get on the air. Here's the way it works:

At 3 AM, somebody jumps out of bed. It must be a gagwriter, because he has a flock of bushy hair. He scratches his head, and his wife has to untie him. He has had an inspiration, an idea for a joke. It reads:

"The traffic was so crowded one roadster had its bumpers locked with a sedan for four hours. Finally, the sedan turned to the roadster and said: 'Sir, are your intentions honorable?'"

The writer brings the gag to the comic, who likes it but thinks it's too long. It's changed to read:

"Two roadsters had their bumpers hooked and the convertible wanted to know if they were going steady."

The comedian shows it to the sponsor, who thinks it's funny, but he advertises tires. So:

"Two tires were hooked so tight they decided to settle down and have little patches."

But the censor tells the comedian the joke is risqué, unless the tires are married. Pasadena, you know. So the joke becomes:

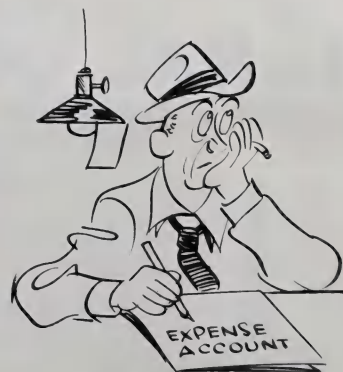
"Two tires were so close the hubcap suggested they see a preacher."

Now it's acceptable to everyone. They are all set to go on the air, when the producer runs in and announces the show runs ten seconds too long.

They have to cut one joke.

Guess which one.

WHERE'S EVERYBODY?



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VIGNETTE OF A VINTAGE

"But how can he be that stupid?—He's not a journalism school graduate!"

* * *

Despite the changes which time has wrought in the journalistic milieu, Turner has not lost the "wild jackassism" which distinguished the better newspapermen at the turn of the century. He still remains a grown-up replica of the little boy who chased fire engines and ran to accidents because he wanted to see what was going on.

Thus he loves to prick the argumentativeness of educators by inquiring innocently, "Doctor, do you think there is any relationship between education and intelligence?" or inquire of industrial stylists, "How much wind resistance is cut down by streamlining an electric iron?"

He has a fierce pride in his profession, and seethes when some sycophant terms him a "journalist" or "gentleman of the press."

"I'm a reporter," he reports. "And

what the hell's wrong with being a reporter? After all, they're the backbone of any paper."

A doctor who refused an interview because "the newspapers make too many mistakes" was told: "Maybe we do make mistakes, doctor, but, by God, we've never sewed up a sponge in anybody yet," and Town Hall, when it sought to stage an off-the-record public meeting (sic) for the British minister found itself described in Tim's story as "Town Hall, more familiarly known as the American House of Lords."

He abominates a "press conference," which to him means a lot of hangers-on who have no business there, and is a foremost fighter for the intimate sanctity of the "press interview."

"A press interview," he explains, "is a success in direct inverse ratio to the number of people present."

* * *

Tim's world is of solid blacks and whites — no grays. His positives are not modified by ifs, ands and buts.

His Newspaperman does not sit at head tables, receive public commenda-

tion, or join organizations (the Press Club excepted), but remains a powerful anonymity. His voice is not heard on the radio, nor his visage seen on video.

A cub who permits himself to be shoved around, even by the most sacrosanct of stuffed shirts, "will never amount to a damn," and a girl who Emily Posts from a sitting posture, instead of following the reportorial custom of rising when a celebrity enters the room, is "too high society to ever be a newspaper woman." Press agents who get delusions of grandeur are to be smote hip and thigh.

In his ken, economists are "fakers who can draw a straight line from a faulty premise to a foregone conclusion"; do-gooders are high priests of some gimmick; and the city hall tower is symbolic of what the city fathers are doing to Los Angeles.

But highest in his liturgy is this: The voice of the newspaper is the voice of God, and stands unmenaced by either that "bauble of the bar-rooms, television," or "the screech-

(continued on next page)

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in properly presenting news of our industry to the public ...

VIGNETTE OF A VINTAGE

box, radio." For the latter he has an implacable hatred because it is sabotaging "the highest achievement of man, intelligent conversation."

* * *

Thus was the vintage of those days when men became reporters for \$15-a-week and love of the game; when they were hired easily and fired easier—and didn't give much of a damn which; and stayed with it because they were the social Gypsies, pariahs, and privileged frustratees (all were, when they found time, going to write *The Great American Novel*) and reveled in the Bohemianism of rich minds and poor purses.

Ah, well, they tell us times are better now because something has been added — security, tenure, regular hours, and we have become gentlemen.

Sure enough, something has been added. But a hell of a lot has been taken away, too.

• • • • •

AN' THEN THERE WUZ

William May Garland and Harry Chandler got an exciting idea. Why not stage the Olympic Games in Los Angeles?

By this time Pasadena's plans for a Rose Bowl were gathering speed. And out at USC architects were huddling over blueprints for a second stadium to be built on Bovard Field with funds which E. L. Doheny would produce. Before old Bovard Field could be torn down, the Community Development Association was organized for the purpose of building an Olympic Games "coliseum" and USC pigeon-holed its

drawings for a Trojan Bowl. The new saucer at Exposition Park was completed in time for the 1923 football season, something less than its present size but big enough to make several people speculate in print over whether or not the place would ever be filled.

The year 1923 was important for other reasons. Not only was the Coliseum completed but country clubs and public golf courses were laid out in all directions. Hub of much discussion was a new baseball park to replace the wooden thing at Washington and Hill, although Wrigley Field was not completed until September 29th of 1925.

Going back to '23 . . . the University of California, Southern Branch, was admitted to the Southern California Conference and USC started the year off right by beating Penn State, 14-3, in the Rose Bowl.

Before moving on to newer faces and names in Southland sports, it might be well to point out that scribbling for a paper in 1920 and thereabouts was not quite the same as it is today. A front page story signed by C. A. Bruckman in the Examiner on January 2, 1920, carried this rambling lead:

"As darkness shrouded Tournament Park, Pasadena, yesterday afternoon, the sunset in the western sky reached up and out from the horizon with a crimson line which mantled the mountain sides and the tree tops and reached down to cast its blush on the swaying heads of 35,000 persons, who were banked tier upon tier around the field until crimson pennants and ribbons of the Harvard rooters seemed to blend into the ruddy glow of the sky."

Or take this paragraph written by Reed Heustis of the Herald who sprinkled sly sayings and personalized digs in with occasional references to sport in his "I'll Say So" column. Heustis chuckled:

"Harry Brand, pinched for parking his rolling sardine can near a fire plug, will enter an insanity plea. Should the nut confession fail, Harry will fight the case to the last drop of oil. Harry swears that he was just outside the 20 foot zone and that anyhow some guy shoved the container into the pinching sector."

George Phair mixed poetry with pithy puns in his column headed "Breakfast Food" for readers of the Examiner. He's still doing the same today in Daily Variety for his thousands of friends.

It was a gay, hard-drinking fraternity in those early twenties, but one man always seemed to set himself apart. He was Beanie Walker who lived high on the hill overlooking the present civic center. From there he could stroll down to the Examiner each day, carrying a cane and glistening in a shiny Prince Albert.

The Express, on Hill Street, had its quota of characters, too. In addition to the immaculate Howard Strickling, now boss "pubster" for MGM, there were Gene Doyle, one of the first sports publicists in these parts; an ambitious young man by the name of Sid Ziff; the hard working Matt Gallagher; and the inimitable Scotty Chisholm who was the original full time golfing writer in the City of Angels.



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Toward the end of my college days a new crop of sports writers began to bloom. Up at the Times, sports editor Paul Lowry and his column "Rabbit Punches" were earning a following. Bill Henry started on his way to national prominence and Bob Ray began writing baseball with an insight few others have ever had.

The Examiner also was exploding with new personalities, none quite so dynamic as Marcus Aurelius Kelly who had come west from Chicago with a short stopover in San Francisco. He was one of the first to see the possibilities in local sports and soon gathered around him a group of young men who could write brilliantly without slighting the event they were assigned to cover.

Given such stepchildren as track and golf, Maxwell Stiles came up fast on the outside. His stories about the cinderpath people delighted collegians, particularly those out on University Avenue who were then agog over achievements of Leighton Dye, Kenny Grumbles and Bud Houser. John Connelly was another who took a firm grip, with baseball as his specialty.

Over on the Herald was a young San Francisco lad, Jack James, who had lived through the glories of the "Wonder Teams" while a student at California. He showed his erudition in quick time and occasionally went on a binge of poetry writing which left the dese-and-dose readers highly baffled.

On the Record a young humorist and philosopher had begun to make people think as well as read. One never could be quite sure just what Gene Coughlin meant, between lines, when he sailed into fight promoters, college officials or fat-headed athletes. Gene was to move on to the Daily News and thence to the Examiner where he made life laugh with him from one escapade to another. He once came into the office with his head shaved bald, explaining: "I've never been to a lady barber before."

Where the big talk in early 1920 had been about the Carpentier-Dempsey fight and the banning of the spit ball, sports chatter at the start of 1924 included much about the coming of age of Los Angeles. Newer than the latest back fence gossip was the Coliseum with its endless rows of seats and its lightning fast track. The Olympic Games were frequently mentioned and everyone was concerned over the possibilities of football.

That fall USC brought to Los Angeles regular season intersectional football by scheduling Syracuse and Missouri. In the meeting of Orange-men and Trojans a friendly feud was launched between Lynn Waldorf and Jeff Cravath, then players. This was also the year in which California and Stanford decided to spank the Methodists by breaking athletic relations, announcing their decision at halftime during the Cal-SC game in Berkeley.

With Stanford all set to play the Trojans in the Coliseum the following weekend, Los Angeles had its most frantic five days. First came an announcement that USC was retaliating by cancelling out the Cards. Next followed a statement that Slip Madigan and his St. Mary's Gaels would be substituted. On Tuesday and Wednesday the scribes were kept busy covering meetings and civic indignation gatherings in protest of the Northern California action.

During that feverish week Mark Kelly worked around the clock to help and advise USC officials, Warren Bovard and Harold Stonier in particular, as they made split-second decisions.

Out of the morass of recriminations came a story which reverberated for days, months. Notre Dame would be pleased to sign a home and home gridiron agreement with the Trojans. In that too, Mark Kelly had much to do with the arrangements.

On February 4th, 1925, an equally sensational story broke, detailing the fact that Howard Harding Jones would sign to coach football at Southern California. Others may select a more important date as the beginning of a new era hereabouts but the hiring of Jones seems to me to be the precise moment at which sports writing in Los Angeles went into high.

Sitting in as sport editors when the news came over the phone were Bill Smith at the Herald, Bob Cronin of

(continued on page 117)



"Holiday" Greetings to Los Angeles Press Club from "JOHNNY HOLIDAY"

Produced by

Alcorn Productions

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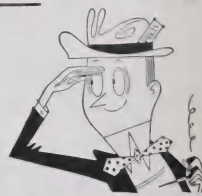
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A NEWSMAN'S LIFE IS A GLAMOROUS ONE!

(WHEN YOU FLY BY CLIPPER*, THAT IS!)

YOU SEE THE WORLD!
China? Brazil? Paris?
Pan American flies you in
style to all 6 continents



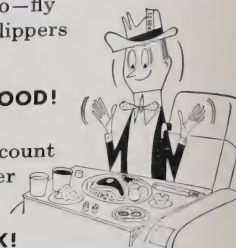
YOU MEET SUCH "INTERESTING" PEOPLE!
Pretty important figures—
pretty ones, too—fly
Pan American Clippers



YOU ENJOY WONDERFUL FOOD!
Doesn't cost a cent—
makes your expense account
come out better



YOU RELAX!
Sleep to South America,
Calcutta or in between, in
Pan American's comfortable
Sleeperette* chair-lounges



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CLIFTON'S CAFETERIAS

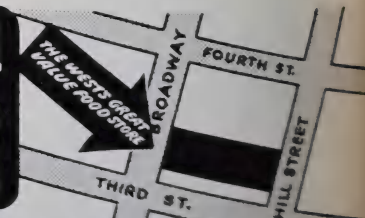
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AN' THEN THERE WUZ

the Daily News, Sid Ziff of the Express, Bill Henry of the Times, Mark Kelly of the Examiner and Ed Frayne of the Record.

The Times had added a bright youngster, Braven Dyer, recently graduated from Pomona College, and he was already turning out copy which made his readers drool.

Over on the Examiner were Harry Grayson, Jess Puryear and Max Stiles. A young firebrand, Dick Hyland, was soon to make his appearance. The Express had Hugh Pinney, once a great sprinter for Pomona, Scotty Chisholm, Matt Gallagher, Al Sisto and Doc Bishop. The Herald ran occasional by-lines over stuff written by Abe Kemp, Neil McDonald, Fox Case and Casey Shawhan. Pete Bruneau and Howard Langley were turning out exciting copy for the Daily News. Claude Newman was running things for the Hollywood Citizen and Brian Bell was the sports oracle for the Associated Press.

When Southern California met Notre Dame for the first time in the fall of 1925, Southern California and Southland scribes were on the way. About that time the Trojans began winning IC4A and NCAA track and field championships like mad. Coach of the scanty-clads was a young man, Dean Cromwell, who was destined for even greater honors.

Halfway through the twenties it was no longer a questionable move when an eastern, midwestern or San

Francisco scribe moved to Los Angeles.

First of the potent recruits was



Radio announcers pit puck against sports writers in rough game.

ARTIST'S LAMENT ODE (OWED) TO RUBBER CEMENT

BY CLARICE R. SWAN

AWFUL, STICKY, GOOEY GUFF—
YOU'RE SUCH LOUSEY STINKING STUFF
WHY'D I EVER MAKE YOU MINE,
YOU REVOLTING, CLINGING VINE?

GO AHEAD, SIT IN YOUR CAN
WITH YOUR EXTRA DEAD-DEAD PAN.
WAITING FOR A CHANCE I SPOSE
TO SPREAD OUT UPON MY CLOTHES.

SURE, I KNOW THAT WHEN I SPILL YOU
IS THE TIME THAT I MOST THRILL YOU.
GOTTA PASTE OR BIG BOSS RANTS,
SO, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE.

COMES THE TIME THEN THAT I NEED YOU,
GETTING NERVE IS HARD TO DO.
WELL, I START AND THEN I'M SICK,
DARNED IF YOU ARE NOT TOO THICK.

HERE I COME, WITH THE THINNER—
CHANCES THEN GROW SLIM AND SLIMMER—
POUR IT IN—GOSH IT'S A SIN
HOW FAST YOU GROW JUST TOO DARNED THIN.

SMEAR YOU ON, YOU GOOEY MUCK
DO YOU STICK? NO! NO SUCH LUCK!
ADD SOME MORE AND LET IT DRY
OFFER PRAYERS—AWAY UP HIGH.

GET YOU STUCK-IN CONDITION
ZOUNDS! YOU'RE IN THE WRONG POSITION
COPY NOW I TRY TO LIFT—
LUCK, FOR CERTAIN'S, NOT MY GIFT.

LET IT RIP—THEN LET IT TEAR
ENOUGH TO MAKE A PREACHER SWEAR
LET GO, VARLET, OF YOUR GRASP!
LET ME FINISH MY SMALL TASK.

CAN'T YOU BE REAL NICE FOR ONCE—
MAKE ME FEEL LESS LIKE A DUNCE?
THROUGH LONG YEARS I HAVE FOUGHT YOU
WONDER WHY I EVER BOUGHT YOU?

YOU DELIGHT IN BEING STUBBORN
LEAVING COPY WORN AND TORN
ALL MY PASTE-UP JOBS I MUFF—
UNCLE! BOYS, I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

RAVING—CRAZY, I HAVE WENT
OWED TO YOU RUBBER CEMENT!

George T. Davis who had been the sports editor of the San Francisco Bulletin until the merger of that paper with the Call. He moved to the Herald with the blessings of his previous publisher and immediately caught the attention of the fans with his column, "For The Sake Of Sport," then as now devoted extensively to recording the fan's viewpoint of current events. During his early years in Los Angeles he stressed amateur-collegiate doings but soon broadened the scope.

I was taken to the Herald-Express back in 1931 by Jack Olds, a city side reporter, for the purpose of explaining to George some mathematical calculations on football. It was the beginning of a friendship I value extremely.

(continued on next page)

AN' THEN THERE WUZ

From the first, George Davis lived up to every standard of what I expected a newspaperman to be, including an "old shoe" behavior around people in all walks of life and a boundless enthusiasm for each momentary crisis. He took in stride more than his share of kidding about his beloved Stanford but he wrote, as he lives, with kindness and consideration for the thousands of those on the fringe of sports who were and are his friends.

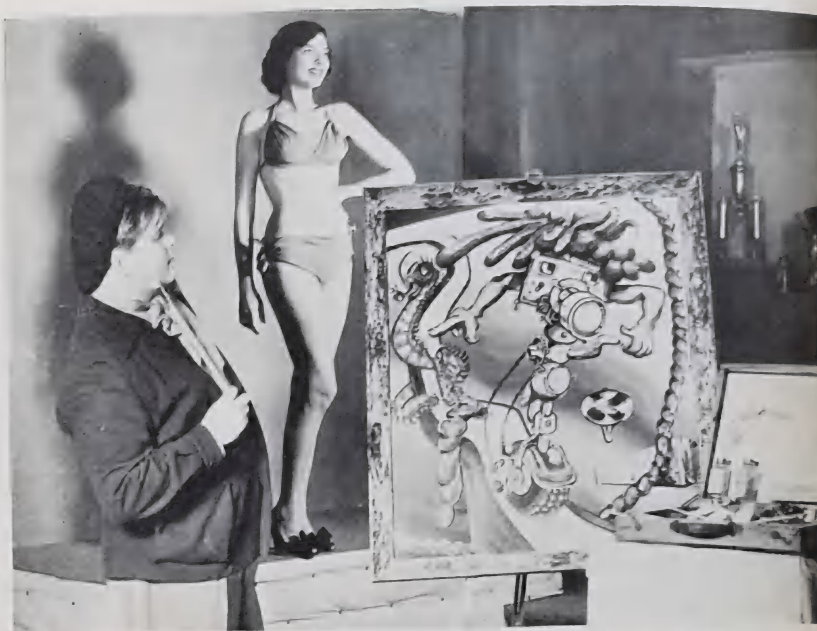
When George joined the Herald, Jack James had replaced Bill Smith as sports editor, Eddie Krauch was writing amusing stuff on boxing and wrestling, Darsie L. Darsie was engrossed in turning out a column called "Green Tee," and Matt Gallagher was covering baseball. Even Casey Shawhan, now city editor of the Mirror, took an occasional assignment from the sports desk. Agness Underwood, already a perpetual motion machine and an expert on murder stories, could hold her own in any sports post-mortem . . . of which there were many in the Back Room cafe.

Over on the Daily News, Bob Cronin was writing a lot of baseball and boxing. Howard Langley, whom I will always and automatically call "Bugs" because that was what he was called when we became friends, was the amateur expert; Bob Hebert and Pete Bruneau fleshed out the staff.

This was also the period when great dreams actually got into print. Take this juicy little item, for example:

"Four million dollars will be spent in buying the land, erecting 52 miles of high fence, building a clubhouse, transporting wild game and plotting golf courses and polo fields. There will be cottages, swimming pools, fishing lakes, an aviary and a power plant. The plan is to place 20 tigers, 10 leopards, 50 African lions, 200 wild boars, 200 red foxes and thousands of wild fowl in a preserve to be established between Tebachapi and Caliente."

When the Express was suddenly merged with the Herald on December 9, 1931, the new organization installed Sid Ziff as sports editor and ran his feature column under the head-



Rembrandt who can't get mind off work is Don Fitzgerald, model is Yvonne Davis. Ignore monster.

ing, "Inside of Sports." In his earlier days he had called his shots under a title of "Ziff's Whiffs."

Midway in the twenties Mark Kelly was the fiery "Red Rooster of the Arroyos" and ruler of his domain at the Examiner. He had even assumed the mantle of best known sports writer in the west and his guess as to the outcome of a heavyweight fight in New York carried more ounces than some of the hunches of Gotham scribes.

Kelly's suggestions about a future grid opponent for the Trojans were heeded carefully out Bovard Field way while his appraisal of the talents owned by a new baseball star had a lot to do with the salary of the young man. His incisive way of saying what he meant shredded red tape and ended arguments. Make no mistake, while Mark was on the job his column was consulted with interest by all who had a few bucks involved in any amateur or professional sports venture.

Came the Olympic Games to Los Angeles and the struggle to surpass other papers was swallowed up in team-like dashes by the various sports staffs who had to cover thousands of angles and hundreds of athletes. Even the preliminaries, which included the building of Olympic Village, called for countless inches. It was at this juncture that Paul H. Helms became

a familiar name in sports circles by tackling the problem of supplying the bread, starting a record of unbroken promises.

While the Los Angeles papers went all out to give the greatest possible coverage to the Olympic Games, it is to be doubted if they ever added up their emphasis and arrived at the fact that this was the most thoroughly documented sports spectacle of all time.

The Times loaned Harry Carr to the sports department as supervising genius; Bill Henry took time out as the "Voice of the Olympics" over the loud speaker; Braven Dyer wrote night and day on a red-hot typewriter; Harry Williams was called back to cover fights; Ralph Huston got by-lines almost every day and Terry DeLapp was assigned by the city desk to clean up the miscellaneous . . . which was plenty.

Mark Kelly, Max Stiles, Dick Hyland, Bob Ruskauff, Walter Naughton and Bill Miller were the most prominent of those who covered the Games for the Examiner. On the Herald-Express it was Sid Ziff, Jack James and George Davis who got the most mileage out of their mills, but with Eddie Krauch, Charley Paddock and Darsie L. Darsie in close contention. Pad-

(continued on page 120)

“Red” Skelton

YOU ALWAYS SAVE AT



THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE
DRUG STORES

There's One In Your Neighborhood

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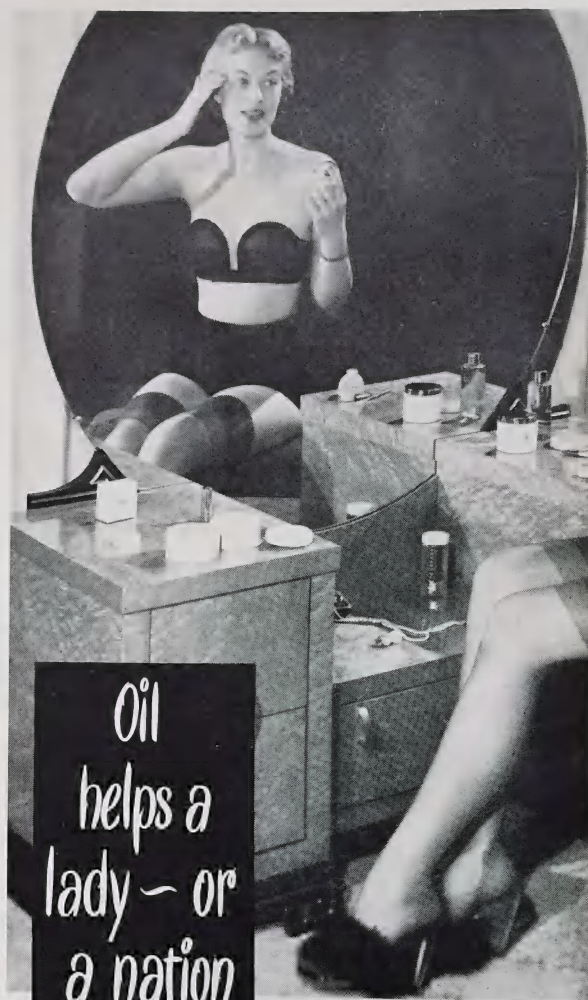
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OF COURSE, IT'S ON ABC



Oil
helps a
lady - or
a nation
change
her face

Tell a modern miss that her smart appearance came from an oil well and she won't believe you. Like most of us,

even those in the oil industry, she finds it hard to imagine that the black gold of petroleum is an essential part of her cosmetics, her lovely nylon finery, of the hundreds of items from plastic shower curtains and brushes to the buttons and bows that help make her more beautiful.

So too with the nation. For its "face" has changed immeasurably due to the more than twelve hundred petroleum products which make possible the heat for our homes, the fabrics we wear, the medicines we depend upon, even the food we eat. Industry, transportation and agriculture as we know them today could not exist were it not for the petroleum-produced power and lubricants for their machines.

Our land without petroleum would be a nation without the comforts and conveniences of modern living. Through research and development, through the competitive system which has made the oil industry possible, improved and more economical products will yet come to make our lives more pleasant.

General Petroleum Corporation
(A Socony-Vacuum Company)





AN' THEN THERE WUZ

dock wrote as a personal friend of many of the noted visitors.

Paul Zimmerman covered the Olympics in brilliant style for the Associated Press while Ralph Jordan's by-lines were equally prominent for INS.

It was during those important two weeks that our scribes had a chance to work out on football in summer weather, something which is now con-an exhibition game on August 8, 1932, sidered a year around job. An all-star team from Stanford, California and Southern California opposed players from Yale, Harvard and Princeton in

with the West nosing out the East, 7 to 6.

Since the Games, many names have flashed across the newspaper horizon, some to settle into the firmament as fixed stars and others to fade. The exciting and often strenuous duties of writing sports have never been quite as demanding since, though probably more exacting in background knowledge.

Men, like the Examiner's Davis J. Walsh and his "I Speak My Mind," drifted back to the middle west or east to continue their brisk struggles with an elusive lead. The amazingly facile Jack Singer of the Times, who was later to lose his life in World War

II, won a New York assignment. Others, such as Matt Gallagher, Frank Roche, Irving Eckhoff, Bernie Milligan, Neil McDonald and Ken Frogley, detoured into advertising or publicity.

Another crop was coming on, possibly dated by the start of horse racing at Santa Anita in 1936. Most of those around then are still very much with us. And in most cases our present corps of specialists is more brilliant and better informed than the old timers.

Fairway authorities like Bob Tonge, Mel Gallagher, Chuck Curtis and Bob Lee turn out golf yarns which are far above the national level. Harry Culver easily qualifies as Maestro Tennis to thousands of court addicts and knows his other sports too. Cal Whorton, Morton Moss, George Main and Gordon Macker are saturated with lore of the ring, past and present, but all of them bow gracefully to that old master of reminiscence, Al Santoro, sports editor of the Examiner, who can ring the bell on anything athletic.

Ned Cronin, sports editor of the Daily News, John Old, Bob Hunter, Al Wolf, Frank Finch and Ray Canton make beautiful music on baseball and all are versatile on other sports. But their yarns do not silence the talk of the oldsters when the names of Bob Cronin, Harry Williams or Bob Ray crop up in connection with the diamond.

That impetus given sports writing by Santa Anita and Hollywood Park is more evident than ever. Several of the older writers fitted in quite easily because of previous and early experience with the bangtails at Agua Caliente. Paul Lowry of the Times was a

EDDIE
CANTOR

ROY ROGERS

"King of the Cowboys"

and

TRIGGER

"Smartest Horse in the Movies"

The
**LOS ANGELES
AMBASSADOR**

Home of the World Famous

**COCOANUT
GROVE**

Site of the First Birthday Party
of the
Los Angeles Press Club

"Top reason for
taking this space is
to see if you can come
up with as great a
book as last year."

Bing

natural. So was Maurice Bernard of the Examiner. Jim Mitchell joined the Herald-Express shortly after as did Eddie Reed. The Daily News came up with the first woman handicapper, Martha, but got more recognition over the studied selections of Bob Hebert, now with the Mirror.

Two former college tub thumpers are now writing sports: UCLA's Ben Person is with the Daily News; SC's Dick Nash is on the Mirror.

It is the featured columnists, however, who continue to form the elite when readers flip to the sports pages and who will be most indelibly remembered thirty years from now.

Paul Zimmerman, who joined the Times in 1939 after years of experience as a staffer and bureau chief for the Associated Press, has made his impression on everyone with his "Sports Scripts," a column which entertains while revealing a passionate curiosity for facts. Dedicated to truth and honest reporting, Paul is respected throughout the land.

Braven Dyer's column, "Sports Pa-

rade," has long been a breakfast delicacy in Southern California and his importance is large on the national scene. It is doubtful if anyone can more than match his knowledge of all sports or equal his circle of friends. His style is that of easy conversation one would expect only from an old pal.

Al Santoro has consistently gone down the line with whimsical observations in his "To The Point." He can build a column around a chance remark or dig deep into exuberant memory to write a colorful piece of copy. Santoro often veers from his favorite topic, "men and/or horses," to touch lightly on other subjects. Once it was all about the rats in Pershing Square.

George "For The Sake Of Sports" Davis keeps right on grinding out copy which in recent years has had more than a bit to say about the ponies. Of the Herald-Express expert it can be said that George has never missed an opportunity to say something good and constructive about anyone in the limelight.

Perhaps the most entertaining writer plying the trade or profession of sports columnist in Los Angeles today is Ned Cronin who can scalp a phoney at fifty paces with an adjective. When Ned sits down to his Remington only the innocent are safe. Whether he is read for the constant parade of laughs he provides or for the earthy information he passes along, Ned is a constant click. The sports editor of the Daily News also is one of the few who can and does handle any sports situation in large or small capsules without prompting. And to think, he once ran the high hurdles . . .

A fairly late arrival in our midst is Vincent X. Flaherty of the Examiner. His columns run the gamut from A (for athletics) to Z (for zeal over a lost cause). His concern for the future of Los Angeles as a great sporting center sounds a bit like an echo from 1925 but with better words and arguments than were heard back in the twenties. The X—and this is a compliment—could easily stand for xenial. The even more recently arrived John Maynard is beginning to

(continued on next page)



Photogs Russell Lapp, Chubby Layman, Ray Zeleski, Red Humphreys, John Hullebarger, Ed Phillips, Mike Smith, Gordon Wallace, Buck Forbes shooting Fred Stroble trial. This was "big story" of year.

AN' THEN THERE WUZ

make his presence felt with his droll observations.

Maxwell Stiles and his column in the Mirror should be prescribed reading in any school of journalism. Faxey-Maxey, as Mark Kelly once tabbed him, swerves constantly from positive proof—where he shines best—to starry-eyed conjecture and description. Frequently, he declaims against wrong and convicts the culprit in the same paragraph. Max does not tap out well-turned phrases just every now and

then. He knocks them out in a steady stream. Gifted beyond most, Max has fingers through which literature will some day flow.

Pat Conger, ex-sports editor of the Mirror, is a newcomer. The man brought an international outlook to local readers while enlarging the horizon for several of our entrenched scribes.

Many are those who have escaped our memory as we scanned backwards over the past thirty years. It is much easier to look toward the future.

The cleverness of the Examiner's

Mel Durslag makes that young man a certainty for continuing bows. Al Bine, on the same paper, is one of the keenest students of sports ever to come under our observation. Bob Oates, also of the Examiner, hides behind a pipe and a passive pan a lively intellect and a clever pen which reminds a great deal of Ralph Huston whose career on the Times was cut short by the lure of the movies.

Charlie Park, with a rich background as sports editor of the Glendale News-Press behind him, has given the Mirror another top hand. On the same staff is Ray Canton whose indefatigable digging for facts is refreshing.

Chuck Genuit of the Daily News, who could forget more than most of the present youngsters may ever learn, writes brilliantly when the spirit moves him. Mory Kapp of the same journal easily qualifies as a veteran.

Who will be our next Harry Carr, Bill Henry or Mark Kelly?

Somewhere in Los Angeles a young man may be struggling to make a more exciting item out of one sentence about a bowler who has just rolled 289. Of some desk man another

Congratulations to

GREATER LOS ANGELES PRESS CLUB

on Your Third Anniversary

Firestone

*We too are celebrating!
1950 is our 50th year of giving
the most tire miles per dollar.*

youngster may be even now asking: "How did Nurmi spell his first name?" In some newspaper a budding Kelly could be challenging the lead of a story with an aside: "Cal and SC played the first game in the Rose Bowl, not . . ."

Now what WAS that message we meant to bring?

• • • • •

CAT ISLAND

to any fair-minded person, but the telephone company refused to acknowledge it, and they took out my telephone.

At any rate, that afternoon I found myself at the Press Club in the company of two speaking acquaintances, one Judson Smith, a reporter on the Herald-Express staff, and "Monty" Montgomery, a commercial photographer.

Smith is a harmless, inoffensive chap, given to pursuit of mild venery, and some hint of Montgomery's character can be gleaned from the fact that he left town on some debaucherous trip to India several months ago, and failed to return 18 books on photography he had borrowed from the public library (an oversight which has caused some little concern on the part of library officials, who threatened to jail him on sight.)

As we were whiling away the last seven minutes before 5 p.m., when the cocktail hour begins, Montgomery, who reads rather well for a photographer, picked up a copy of the July, 1949, Coronet magazine. As chance would have it, he turned to an article by Lucille Beckhart entitled "Where Cats Are King."

In brief, the article concerned a



Bobby persuading photog "Monty" Montgomery from trying to establish L. A. Press Club branch in Windsor Palace.

tropical isle called Cat Island which, it said, was a South Pacific "paradise you may have for the asking," complete with palm trees and coral beaches.

However, it seemed that the island, which is near Tahiti and owned by the French government, had a strange history. The French had been trying to give it away ever since 1887 because it was aswarm with hordes of ferocious rats.

An enterprising Frenchman named Marcel LeDoux accepted the challenge just before the turn of the century, and landed a whole boatload of cats there on a sandy beach. The cats deployed into the lush foliage, and LeDoux returned to Papeete, in Tahiti, and waited for developments.

When he returned, there wasn't a rat on the island, but the cats had multiplied and became so ferocious that the LeDoux party retired in defeat. Since then the island has been known as Cat Island, the article said, and was available free to anyone who would rid the place of the cats.

By the time we finished reading the article, it was well into the cocktail hour, and the proposition became more intriguing by the minute. So we borrowed a typewriter and I dispatched a letter to Coronet magazine, informing them that we were a group of California Institute of Technology scientists who were organizing an expedition to eradicate the cats and turn the island into an immense copra plantation.

(continued on next page)

THE ZEBRA ROOM IS MORE REASONABLE THAN YOU THINK!

Edward J. Crowley, Manager ■ Evelyn Rosewall, Publicity - DU. 2-7171

The Town House
WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

Thanks to the Press

. . . for the splendid part it plays
in upholding the cherished institutions
of our American way of life . . .

E. GEORGE LUCKEY
VICE CHAIRMAN

DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE

CAT ISLAND

We asked for detailed information about the island, and a few days later a letter arrived from the magazine informing us that they had no additional data, and referring us to the governor of Tahiti at Papeete.

That probably would have been the end of the matter if we had not gone to a press party and unexpectedly run across Fred Beck, an itinerant columnist, who was then writing for The Mirror. We told him the story, and the next day on Aug. 20, 1949, he devoted his entire column to the project, embellishing it with a few choice details.

Referring to our small band as a "resolute group of determined newspapermen," he said that we were making plans to eradicate the cats by lobbing gas missiles ashore (with the cooperation of the U.S. government) and that the object of the expedition was to establish Cat Island as a sanctuary for tired newsmen. It would be financed, of course, by the manufacture of ukelele strings made from genuine cat gut.

Furthermore, Beck solemnly announced that the expedition would leave Long Beach harbor for the South Pacific, on Sunday morning, Sept. 18.

Four days after the column appeared, Beck retired from the Mirror, although the separation was purely a coincidence, and Matt Weinstock, a Daily News columnist who specializes in wino lore, took over the Cat Island promotion.

The next day, INS put a story on the wire and the world was alerted for the departure of the expedition on Sept. 18.

In the meantime, my office telephone began to ring and every mail brought in new applications from adventure-struck youths who wanted to get away from it all and go along on the trip as cabin boys.

A man named Dennis O'Houlihan dispatched a note saying his hobby was collecting and repairing old crystal set radios, and he offered to purchase the cat's whiskers concession.

Bill O'Hern of United Air Lines offered to take one of United's planes off the Cat-alina run and fly the expedi-



Guess Hu?

tion to the island, but this plan was vetoed because the members of the party were seamen at heart.

The late Frank Morgan, veteran actor and yachtsman, telegraphed to offer his services as skipper of the expedition, and in return asked only that he be made honorary governor of Cat Island.

"As you no doubt know," he stated, "my adventurous sea heritage came from my grandfather, Commodore Joseph Wright Hancock, who operated the first ferry service between Trinidad and LaGuayra, Venezuela,

*The free press and radio, as represented by the members
of the Greater Los Angeles Press Club, is one of the
greatest heritages of the American way of life.*

*Another of the great freedoms we enjoy is that of free opportunity . . .
the kind of American free opportunity which allowed our insurance company,
born in a small Los Angeles office, to grow until it became
the largest insurer of automobiles and trucks in the West . . .
and to furnish protection to more than one million policyholders.
As products of this free opportunity system, we salute the press and radio
and each individual member of the Greater Los Angeles Press Club.*

THE FARMERS INSURANCE GROUP

4680 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

LOS ANGELES 45, CALIFORNIA

and I, myself, have sailed the Seven Seas and skippered the Dolphin II to victory in the 1947 L.A.-Honolulu yacht race."

Wherever we went, my shipmates Smith and Montgomery and I were deluged with questions from people asking whether we really were going to shove off on Sept. 18. We told everyone that assuredly we were, and decided that it might be well to take some pictures of our boat.

So one Sunday afternoon we rolled down to the Los Angeles Harbor and picked out a trim schooner at anchor, with nobody on deck. Montgomery set up the camera on board and got a passing sardine fisherman to take the picture of the three of us at the wheel. It turned out better than most of the pictures he takes himself.

Then the Press Club's 8-Ball magazine put the picture on page one, and printed a story disclosing that the main object of the expedition was to found a comfortable hotel on the island for tired newsmen which was to be known as The Cat House.

It added that the plan to rid the island of hordes of ferocious cats seemed feasible, but posed a weighty problem: How would the island then be rid of hordes of ferocious newspapermen? No answer was offered.

On Sept. 18, the scheduled departure date, we sent out a short paragraph to the wire services. The expedition had been postponed because of a mutiny — everyone wanted to be captain.

Shortly afterward, however, Montgomery met a Pasadena millionaire, (name on request) who was intrigued by the expedition and offered to underwrite a vacation trip to Cat Island in his 136-foot schooner. All of a sudden the fantasy seemed about to turn into reality, and we hurriedly conferred with the local French consulate and asked for definite information about Cat Island. A few days later, their office received a disillusioning cable from Tahiti's governor: THERE IS NO SUCH ISLAND.

Sadly we unpacked our seabags (which had been especially made for us by the Lipton Co.) and sold our packages of Mother Sill's seasick remedy at half price.

That night we ran across Ed Rees,



**"EAT UP ALL YOUR RICE AND YOU'LL BECOME A
CAPTION WRITER FOR THE HERALD-EXPRESS."**

of Time magazine, and told him the story. Rees (no fool he) spotted it for a good feature in the press section of the magazine, and tracked down the author of the original Coronet article.

He found Author Beckhart in Pasadena, and asked her where she got the yarn about Cat Island. "A friend of mine, a very well-traveled person, told me about it," he quoted her. "Unfortunately, he has since died."

Again, we thought that was the end of Cat Island, until the Nov. 21, 1949, Time magazine appeared, and there were two letters to the editor about Cat Island.

Wilmon B. Menard, of Laguna Beach, author of many travel articles, identified the island under the name of Tetiaroa, and said it was given to a British dentist, Dr. Walter Johnstone Williams, in payment for dental work

on the Tahitian royal family. He got rid of the rats by transporting a boatload of cats, all right, Menard said. However, the cats took up fishing in the lagoons and instead of becoming ferocious they are fat and lazy, he wrote.

The other letter-writer, John B. Buddhue, of Pasadena, also said the island was known as Tetiaroa, and added that the story was told by Frederick O'Brien in his book, "Atolls of the Sun."

This I am unable to check as the public library, having found out that I had been associating with people like Montgomery, canceled my library card.

And so, as the sun sinks in the west like a flaming ball, we take our leave of romantic Cat Island, still wondering whether or not there really *is* such a goddamned place.

• • • • •

DAY OFF

food to his wife. "Marge," he pleaded, "will you be a good gal and bring back enough cold cuts and stuff for us when you go shopping? I'd go myself except . . ." He grinned.

"Yes, I know. When you go to the store, the delicatessen especially, your hands can't resist what you see. The last time you came back with enough to feed a regiment. But you get the beer. I'm not going to lug a dozen quarts of beer three blocks. The neighbors will think I'm a secret drinker. And give me the money for the food. You pay for your own party."

He spent the next hour reading the book section of the New York Times. He had put it aside with a twinge of jealousy last Sunday when he found a review discussing the first novel of Jonathan Harris. The author had left the Globe's opposition after only five years of newspaper work to try his luck as a writer. He had succeeded. At least, there was a half-page ad and on Page 3 was the column review of "Lucky Number" by Jonathan Harris. It combined crime and politics and romance into an exciting story. The critic was impressed.

Joe Wheeler was not. He hadn't read the book but he reflected with asperity: "Damn it, if I couldn't do better than that I'd go back to doing police. Harris wasn't so hot. I've beat him on many a story. And I know the background he wrote about a lot better than he. Why didn't I write it? Think of the money that guy's going to make. Might even be chosen by some book club; maybe even sold to the movies. He'll be a big shot writer and I'll still be knocking out pieces for the paper."

He tossed the paper aside and poured himself a drink. It was fuel to the flame of his discontent. He slumped in his chair to ease his thoughts. They followed a pattern whenever he read reviews of books and news of writers.

"Why do I have to be a newspaper grub all my life? I wish I could quit the business and spend all my time writing. I know I have a lot of stories in me. I've seen enough in my 21 years in the business to write a dozen novels. If I could only sell one of them to the movies, I'd be on Easy Street. What have I got to look forward to? City editor? Hell, nobody in his right mind would want that. Just one story to the movies, say for \$25,000 . . ."

Joe strung together a series of apt

and biting phrases he would submit to the city desk as an accompaniment to his resignation. He closed his eyes and pictured the scene. It was altogether delightful.

He stirred long enough to take another drink. "Yes, sir," he said, "one of these days I'm going to sit me down and knock off a novel. Shouldn't be too hard. After all I write more than a thousand words a day on my job—sometimes two—and a novel could be about 80,000 words long. Get a good snappy title and . . ."

But he knew he was only talking. He knew he would never do it. He realized he and too many of his colleagues had eaten of the lotus of newspaper work and would remain in the business until they lost the touch. Then a grind as copyreaders, maybe a stint on the state desk, and eventually a job on the paper's morgue, or perhaps a bastard job doing some politician's publicity, or running a house organ for a factory.

A book just was not in him. Lazy. He had begun a few short stories—and never finished the first. He was, he knew also, too well satisfied with his Globe job to throw it over for a try at free lance writing. Scared, he admitted.

Joe corked the whisky bottle and



Her-ex photog Perry Fowler and elephant talk over old times. Elephant was gray.



Times photog Johnny Malmin on alert as a Griffith Park deer sizes up camera.

JACK

BENNY

replaced it behind the radio.

The telephone rang. He cursed it and muttered a diffident Hello.

"This is the Radio Research Institute. Which program were you listening to when I called?"

"Wasn't listening."

"Well, which do you usually listen to?" the girl persisted.

"Joe Louis' fights and Mickey Mouse," he said, and dropped the receiver.

He walked to the yard to get away from the telephone. Bad enough answering calls in the press room. From now on let it ring.

The neighbor's child was at his side. "Mister Joe, my mommy says you know everything. Can you fix my wagon? How old is a general? Got a penny? Got any cookies in your house? When is your little girl coming home from school? My father got a new car. Got another penny? Look, the bad boy down the street broke another window in your garage."

He returned to the sanctuary of his house, leaving the boy in search of another encyclopedic source. He en-

tered in time to hear a timid knock on the front door. A dispirited woman, dowdy and defeated, tried to interest him in a coupon offer for hand-colored portraits at a huge saving. His anger was tinged with shame and pity as he shook his head and closed the door against her unsure voice.

Joe smoked and read a few chapters of Herbert Matthews' *Education of a Correspondent*. Reading was the refuge he could find at any time; a surcease he always embraced in moments of doubt and frustration.

He thought of another drink but rejected it as unworthy of the hour. He stretched out cosily on the davenport. Relax. That was the way to enjoy a day off. Take it easy. Fight the growing irritability.

When the telephone bell rang again he paid no attention. But it was determined. Its clanging and mocking dissonance rose higher and higher. Its stridency was the impertinence of an unwelcome visitor.

He flung the book across the room and tore the telephone off its cradle. His shouted hello failed to disturb the

unction in the sales approach of the Thrift Dry Cleaning & Pressing Service which was seeking, with fair prices and promises of delivery, to "broaden the base of our business, now that the war is over and we can again serve our patrons. . . ."

Joe's hands were moist and his teeth were set in anger. He restrained an impulse to demand the reason why they waited until his day off to call, to lash out his fury at the uninvited voice.

He knew he was being unreasonable but these people, he said, had no right to barge into his privacy, to ring his telephone, to hammer on his door, to bombard his relaxing mind with silly questions.

Now the day was half gone. He lay on the couch again, the book, a dead-weight in his hand, dangling over the side. He buried his head in the corner in the hope of shutting out all sights and sounds and invading vagaries.

"Damn it, I wish Marge would come home." He was a boy again, and his wife was his mother, and he had someone to look after him. His thoughts became more placid.

(continued on next page)

DAY OFF

She arrived with an armful of bundles. Joe grudgingly helped her unload. He bit into a tomato and sliced off a wedge of cheese after peering into the grocery bags.

"Hey," he demanded, "where's the stuff for the party?"

Marge said, "O, gee, Joe, I'm sorry, but I got loaded down at the grocery and just couldn't get to the delicatessen. But I'll go back this afternoon and buy the things you want. All right?"

Joe's churning anger spurted from unmindful lips. "No, never mind, I'll get it myself. Cripes, you'd think a fellow's wife would think of things like that. It's just once in a while that I ask you to do something for me and you forget. Especially after I'm home all by myself the whole day and have to answer the phone and the door bell and listen to the brat next door. . . ."

Marge tried to placate him. "Joe, don't get upset just because the telephone rang a few times. And the kid next door usually is quiet. I told you

I'd go to the delicatessen later. Go ahead, Joe, you take it easy. Relax. I'll take care of things. After all, when I'm home and you're working, the phone rings all the time and people knock on the door and. . . ."

But her husband's choler was too high to be eased by a simple, logical explanation. First it was the telephone, then the questions, then the door bell, again the telephone, and now this, this. . . . He grabbed his hat.

He rushed out, his mind embattled with dark, confused thought.

Only the sight of the tempting display of delectables in the fragrant delicatessen calmed his growing surliness. He bought blindly, extravagantly. He left the store with two huge bags.

Marge gasped when he unloaded them on the kitchen table.

"You've done it again. You've got enough there to feed the whole staff. I told you I would go to the store again. But no, you've got to have your own way. Look at that. Three kinds of meat, four kinds of cheese. And you forgot the bread. Lordy, lordy, to think that I walk blocks to save a few

pennies. And, besides, you've been drinking again. I can smell it on your breath. Couldn't you wait until tonight?"

He stuffed the purchases into the refrigerator and slammed the door.

"The beer, the beer, I forgot to order the beer," he accused himself.

He started to dial when Marge called.

"Joe, I forgot to tell you. The office called while you were out. They want you to call right back. It's something important. Said to be sure and tell you to call the minute you got back. You better call right away."

It was incredible. It couldn't be the office. This was his day off. Why should the office want *him*?

Desperately he shouted: "Are you sure it was the office? Wanting *me*? What did they want? Did they say? Didn't you tell them this was my day off, that this is Thursday?"

But he knew he was lost. He didn't wait for his wife's reassurance. He dialed the Globe. He knew he had to control his anger. He was again the working newspaperman.

Best Wishes

from

Eastside

THE BEER MILLIONS

OF CALIFORNIANS PREFER

LOS ANGELES BREWING COMPANY, LOS ANGELES

PROFESSIONAL
TRAINING

IN
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"Joe," the City Editor said, "Big Emil has just been knocked off. Two slugs in the back of his head. The sheriff is holding his brother-in-law, Blackie Sullivan, for the murder. You know both of them; they run the numbers racket. We got a swell story of the killing from Mike on police but I want you to dictate 500 words fast on the way the police have been in cahoots with these racketeers. You know it better than anyone else; you covered the last shakedown trial. Here's the dictation; make it snappy."

Joe's resentment gave way to a prickle of excitement. This was a good story. He gathered together his knowledge of the personalities and the vicious corruption tied into the numbers racket. He evolved a lead, discarded it and came up with another. He spoke short, pungent sentences, morticed them into neat, telling paragraphs. Factually, dispassionately, he dictated an account of the brazen association of criminals and police. Then he said: "That's it," and hung up.

His exhilaration dropped and a great weariness gripped him. His interest in the story vanished. He was again a man with a day off. His petulance grew. His displeasure at the many annoyances of the day rose until his throat felt dry. A sense of the injustices he had endured flared up and the licking flames of his anger were rekindled. "My day off," he complained bitterly.

He turned away from the telephone. His wife was conscious only that her Joe had again shown that he was a good newspaperman and that his paper could rely on him.

She was cheerful. "Joe," she said, "shall I make sandwiches or put the stuff on the table and let the boys help themselves?"

He stared at her, unseeing.

"Why, what's the matter, Joe? Anything wrong?"

"Huh?" He blinked. Then, his voice harsh and high, he spoke.

"Call up the boys and call it off. Call it off. Call the whole damn thing off."

• • • • •

MY LOVE WAS SHOT

Saturday. The house was in total darkness. I rang and rang but there was no answer. Marguerite had left town, bag and baggage, by request.

Years passed. I went to America but returned to Europe shortly after the outbreak of World War I. A few months later I was in Berlin on a special journalistic mission. I carried double credentials. One from Mr. Bradford Merrill, managing editor of the New York American, the other from the Hon. Harry Lawson, proprietor of the London Daily Telegraph. Needless to mention, I did not expose my English credentials in Germany.

I stayed at the plush Adlon Hotel in Berlin, dubbed 'American Headquarters.' General Joseph Kuhn, head of the American Military Mission and his staff were living there.

One evening, while I was having dinner alone, a distinguished looking couple entered the dining room. Something stirred my memory. Then I

(continued on next page)



Charmaine throws a couple in for good measure when Daily News photog Harry Watson, Herald & Express reporter Jack Adams survey situation. Others are, L to R—Whoops!

recognized the woman. "Marguerite McLeod," I exclaimed, jumping up, both hands outstretched in welcome, as she approached my table.

She stopped, froze me in my tracks and demanded icily: "Who are you?"

Using her pet-name of long ago, I replied: "Well, well, 'Princess,' so you have forgotten me!"

"Oh," she drawled, without an iota of enthusiasm, "You were one of the little boys in that awful town in Holland, a schoolmate of cousin Jan Zelle.

"But please," the lady continued, "I am no longer Mrs. McLeod. My name is MATA HARI."

As an afterthought she added: "I am dancing at the Wintergarden. You must come and see my performance sometime."

The name Mata Hari did not mean anything as yet to the world at large. (Incidentally, Mata Hari is Malay for "Eye of the Day" and also means SUN.)

I said that I would some evening, and added, "Maybe I'll write a piece about it for my American papers." My reference to American newspapers hit the jackpot. "Oh, you are an American journalist JACQUES," she cooed, "but how thrilling. You must come and tell me all about it, and soon."

It was soon. The next morning I received two stage box tickets. "Compliments of Fraulein Mata Hari." I used them that evening and invited a friend to join me. Her dance, in an oriental setting, was nothing to cable about — however, her performance when my friend and I called on her in her dressing room was most interesting.

She told us that her greatest ambition was to make an American tour. And then she showed us a suitcase filled with crested, monogrammed letters and be-ribboned decorations. Tokens of appreciation for her dancing, she told us.

The rest of Marguerite's story is public history. She never got to America. She became an agent for the German secret service and was arrested in Paris in '17.

Those of us who knew about her powerful associations never believed she would be convicted. Jules Cambon,



"HONEY, I WANT YOU TO MEET GEORGE — HE'S A PRESSMAN AT THE PAPER."

of the French foreign office—brother of the French Ambassador to Washington, and General Messimy, former French War Minister, testified at her trial in her favour. One of the important members of the Dutch government, who had been her good friend, interceded in her behalf.

We were wrong. The French court-martial condemned her to death. She was executed at Vincennes near Paris in October, 1917.

For years many interesting stories circulated about her execution. Her lawyer, rumor had it, had assured her that the firing squad's rifles would hold blanks. Subsequent discovery of her empty grave appeared to confirm it.

The empty grave, conclusive evidence, many people insisted, that Mata Hari had not been executed, was explained to me years later.

A macabre story but worth recording. I met a French military surgeon at a dinner party in London. When Mata Hari's name came up, he, in his French way, winked an eye and said that he had seen a lot of her at one time.

"Tell us," I urged, mentioning that I had known her too.

"Ah, my dear man," he assured me, "but not as thoroughly as I have. I was one of the young internes at the Paris hospital that claimed her body after the execution. I assisted in dissecting her." . . .

Yes, "The Eye of the Day" is closed.

* * *

P.S.—Should time have added richness to the rumors of Mata Hari's personal intimacies, I would be happy to hear and/or clarify them over a drink at the Press Club.

. . . .



Guess who?

THIS IS WHERE

ceeded by Daryl Harper, and Inge left the Herald-Express to take a fling in radio and was replaced by John Clarke, now of the News staff.

After "the purge" in 1938, which marked the end of radio columns and columnists on all the downtown dailies, Zuma and I were the only Pacific Coast newspaper representatives remaining on the beat. My editor, the late F. F. Runyon, who was also half-owner and co-founder of the paper (The Pasadena Independent), with Publisher Elmer Bates, held firmly to the opinion that subscribers were entitled to *all* the news, and that the day-to-day happenings in radio therefore, should not be ignored. So, despite the fact that this attitude toward radio was in common with that of editors and publishers generally, Runyon was not in sympathy with the pact entered into by the L. A. publishers to ban radio columns from their newspapers.

In those days of "loft broadcasting," when local radio studios were makeshift affairs hurriedly constructed in the lofts or other available quarters of



Jim Bassett, seen here as the devil's press agent, tries to talk Mirror religion editor Omar Garrison into using some red-hot copy for Saturday.

various business establishments and were widely scattered throughout the city, those covering the beat had to dig a little harder for the stuff that went into their columns than they did in later years.

For one thing, few radio personalities were drawing pay checks of sufficient size to afford a press agent — some of them, in fact, were drawing no pay checks at all, including quite a

few who, in later years, were drawing weekly fees in the three and four figure brackets.

The major stations, of course, maintained publicity departments but these, almost without exception, were limited to one overworked press agent.

And sentimentality, it must be admitted, played an influential part in the copy that went into the radio

(continued on next page)

COMPLIMENTS OF FOREST LAWN MEMORIAL-PARK

THIS IS WHERE

columns in those days. Making the rounds of the studios, you became acquainted with performers of unquestionable talent who were putting on airshows for free just in the hope of attracting the attention of either a bidder or a bankroller. So you'd do a piece on them in the hope that it might help.

Sometimes it did. I recall, for instance, doing a piece on Mary Martin when she was an unknown and had a quarter-hour afternoon sustaining program on KNX. It was just a squib in which I referred to Mary Martin as an unusually promising newcomer and said something about her being the female counterpart to Bing Crosby. I hadn't known until about a year ago, when it came up in a bit of chance conversation with a talent agent during a party, that he'd taken that lone squib to a credit clothing company downtown and sold Mary's program on the strength of it. It was her first sponsored airshow.

Up until the late fall of 1934, the only regularly scheduled coast-to-coast program originating in these parts was



Guess who-oo-o?

the old "California Melodies," an unsponsored musical sustaining series, featuring an orchestra under the direction of Raymond Paige with chorus and vocalist.

One of the members of that chorus, and an occasional vocalist on that series, by the way, was Nadine Connor, who, as time has proven, was fated for the Metropolitan Opera. Another vocalist was Homer Canfield, now production head of NBC in Hollywood.

In October of that year, CBS and

the Campbell Soup people launched "Hollywood Hotel," a costly full-hour musical-variety show designed to capitalize on the glamour angle of the film industry and its stars. The move from east to west was on. And during the next few years one major program after the other was pulled out of New York and Chicago to set up production headquarters in Hollywood.

Meanwhile, it had become evident to network heads the role Hollywood was destined to play in the industry's future, and the western division headquarters of both NBC and CBS were moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

NBC purchased a site out on Melrose Avenue and began construction of the first modern broadcasting plant on the Pacific Coast. But even then the network wasn't prepared for what was happening. So great had been the influx of shows from the east that, together with the upsurge in production activities here, NBC's Melrose plant was outgrown almost before its construction was completed. Hence, the construction of its present plant on the old Paramount movie lot at Sun-

Compliments of
HANK O'LEARY



When the weather got too warm for Herald & Express photog Perry Fowler, he made a quick retreat to his darkroom sink. Bill Walker found him, snapped the photo.

set and Vine followed within a few years. The Melrose plant then passed into the hands of the KHJ-Don Lee-Mutual chain and was later sold to Capitol Records, which now occupies it.

Shortly after NBC began building its first Hollywood studios, CBS purchased KNX from its two ex-news-papermen founders, Naylor "Pop" Rogers and Guy C. Earl, and immediately erected the imposing Columbia Square studios it now occupies at Sunset and Gower.

Radio had become Big Business. It had also become glamour-conscious. And for the man on the beat, something was missing. The warmth, the pleasing informality and the subdued excitement that had prevailed in the past somehow didn't fit into the new big business-glamour conscious setup.

And if you were a holdover from the old days, you noted this with a degree of sadness, whenever you thought about it. But you didn't think about it much. You simply went through the routine motions of covering the beat, which had been made easier for you now. And you thought up assignments for yourself to get you

away from it occasionally — like going up to San Quentin to do a series of stories, ostensibly revolving around the prison's weekly airshow on one of the major networks; or taking a few weeks in San Francisco during the UN conference, on the excuse that the radio coverage of the affair should provide a lot of lively copy; or again, finding it important why a trip should be made to New York for a look-in on radio there.

Then suddenly you awaken to find that this is where you came in: Television has come into being and the customers are crying for it, just like they did for radio. In the production end, the old trial-and-error methods prevail, just as they did in radio. The pioneering days of a new and powerful medium of communication are back again, somewhat less colorful, perhaps, but interesting and exciting, nevertheless.

It's good, too, to find the boys from the L. A. dailies back on the beat again — self-respecting members of the press who now rate pretty secretaries and even special offices in Hollywood.

No consistency in this business. Maybe that's what I love about it.

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GIANTS OF A CENTURY

afield to start anew with his Star. His years with the paper, dating back to 1856, had all been stormy. During the Civil War, he was arrested and taken to the Federal Prison at Alcatraz, charged as a traitor.

His radical espousal of a break-away Pacific Coast Republic had been long and loud. Among the migrants from the South who peopled Los Angeles and its environs, he had many supporters in his vehement opposition to Lincoln and the North. Californians resented the intrusion of Northern bluecoat soldiers.

But Hamilton's return saw a milder newspaper issue from his pen. It prospered too, and on June 1, 1870, became a daily, following the earlier lead of its competitor, the News.

Soon afterward, Hamilton leased it to George Washington Barter, oddly tabbed by historians as a "professional bachelor". Barter ran it less than a year. He ran it into the ground. Hamilton, retired as a San Gabriel orange grower, came forward once more to breathe sparkle into its columns and once more he leased it.

(continued on next page)

GIANTS OF A CENTURY

This time the helm went to Ben C. Truman, credited as something of a Western editor. He kept the Star shining until he left in 1877. Then for two years, it descended a final time, with a steady succession of editors and publishers. In 1879 its glimmer stopped for good. The sheriff attached its physical assets for debts. It went up in smoke a few months later, literally as well as figuratively. For the warehouse containing all its physical assets was burned to the ground.

The competing News ran with success into the next century when its publisher, Samuel Travers Clover, stood out alone in attacking the Owens Valley aqueduct project to bring water across the desert in a pipeline to Los Angeles. Clover dissented with every paper then published in the city, the Times, Examiner, Herald, Express and Record. His opposition to this popular civic cause is credited with the demise of the News about 1905.

But the men who edited the News and the Star saw Los Angeles through her wildest, toughest days. Ben Truman, the Star's last successful publisher, could attest that Los Angeles crime was terrible.

On the morning of Oct. 26, 1869, Truman, former private secretary to President Andy Jackson and at that time special postal agent on the Pacific Coast and correspondent for the San Francisco Times, wrote an eye-witness story for the Star. It told of a daring Los Angeles stage robbery, just one such holdup in a long series of crimes.

Only two miles north of Los Angeles, the northbound stage with Truman at the reins, was ambushed by four armed, masked robbers. Two Wells-Fargo boxes in the front of

the Concord coach were the first loot demanded. Truman surrendered his watch. But the bandit leader looked it over briefly and handed it back with vast disdain. Despite whatever evil times might befall him, he told the angry Truman, he wouldn't be caught dead with such a piece of junk.

The Star's next issue gave an editorial reflection of Truman's wrath:

"Should an opportunity afford of getting the drop on any of these gangs, we advise the hearty scattering of cold lead. Should any be captured, hemp is cheap. Sabe?"

After another year of roughshod banditry in which the Star chronicled the theft of two hot cookstoves with meals still inside them, Angelenos were following San Francisco's Vigilante lead. Hangings totaled 36. Eleven were lynched on a single occasion, five on another.

And the Star thundered editorial support for the hemp, belaboring the judicial corruption it said was behind the need for lynching.

"We disapprove of uprisings to execute summary justice, but really see no necessity for making the courts a highway for murderers to walk over. We deplore the delay, the quibbling, the packing of the jury, the trifling with writs, the appeals." And after a strangely quiet week, the Star spoke with sarcasm:

"Nobody has been killed in this city for over a week. No murders or suicides in Los Angeles yesterday."

The newspapers themselves were not without a lawless aspect. In 1870 the editor of the News, nameless in history, adjourned to Arroyo Seco at 1 a.m. and fought a rifle duel with a man who had challenged him. The editor's opponent took home a slug in his right arm.

Another newspaper shooting match reads like a Yukon blood-letting in Boyle Workman's history of Los Angeles. It is the story of Andrew King, publisher of the News, and his argument with Robert Carlisle, sometime in the Sixties. Carlisle shot King during their quarrel in the parlor of the Bella Union Hotel.

Next day, the story goes, Carlisle stood at the Bella Union bar and saw King's brothers, Frank and Houston, enter, obviously seeking satisfaction. Carlisle whirled, gun in hand, and the

room filled with fire. Customers fled for cover and one spectator was wounded as he tried to watch through a window frame. A horse fell dead at the curb, still harnessed to a stage coach.

Carlisle was a living sieve of bullets from the weapons of the two King brothers. But he kept his feet and put Houston King out of the fight with a well placed slug. Then he turned his fire full on Frank King and drove him back through French windows to the sidewalk where the firing continued.

Frank discharged his last bullet and Carlisle closed in to kill.

Frank broke his pistol with a blow on the head of staggering, dying, Carlisle. But Carlisle still came on. Too weak to lift his pistol, he put both hands to his wavering gun. Blood poured from his multiple wounds.

He fired. The ball took Frank squarely in the heart. He dropped like a stone. Carlisle followed him in death a few hours later. Houston was tried for Carlisle's murder when he recovered months later.

But he was acquitted.

Law officers themselves were not above settling their disputes with gunshots. Marshal William Warren and Officer Joseph Dye argued about a reward split in the dusty center of Temple St. Oct. 30, 1870.

Then their guns flashed out and Warren fell fatally wounded. Three bystanders were felled by pistol slugs during the fray. But they recovered. It was presumed that Dye got the disputed reward. He lived.

Lynch law reigned again after the murder Dec. 14, 1870 of Jacob Bell near the race track where Exposition Park is now located. Miguel Lachenais was jailed for the crime and next day the News spoke out:

"We are no advocate of vigilance committees. But we warn the authorities that if the flowing tide of crime is not checked, a terrible vengeance will be meted out."

For Prisoner Lachenais, it was, the very next day. He was lynched. A denial of guilt was on his lips when he swung at rope's end. And the News had spoken truer words than its angry editor knew. Terror was unleashed now and on its way like a blight.

Among the city's other troubles

BEST WISHES

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DON

THE BEACHCOMBER

were the intermural wars of the Chinese. Their tong battles added to the natural dislike the citizens had for the hundreds of "cheap labor" men who occupied a ghetto of their own along Calle de los Negros, the crib section northeast of the Plaza.

And old Judge Lynch, the law of the hemp, was popular now. It was a sad day for the Chinese in October, 1871 when Officer Jesus Bilderein deputized Rancher Robert Thompson to help him arrest a Chinese as the aftermath of Chinatown tong trouble.

Pistol shots from Chinese killers met the pair as they stepped to the door of the Coronel adobe on a corner of Nigger Alley. Thompson fell back mortally wounded and Bilderein, his shoulder shattered by a second ball, crawled for the street, dragging his dying deputy.

That was at mid-day and by dusk, 3000 people, nearly every one armed, milled around the Coronel Building.

Accounts of the action in the Star and the News are piteous to read. Rioters swarmed to the adobe's thin tar roof, tried to burn the Chinese out. Occasionally one would flee, making sport for the crowd. They would riddle him with bullets before he reached the street. A firehose was turned into the front door to flood out terrorized occupants. And Chinatown was full of raiding bands of ruffians, seeking loot where they found no blood.

That day and night, 20 Chinese were hanged. And 21 others were torn from the hands of mob members and locked in jail for safety. William Slaney, a

boot shop owner, watched 19 men lynched from an iron bar in front of his store. He hustled as many more Orientals into his shop and locked them inside for safety. The mob was intent on the life of every man, woman and child in Chinatown.

For the first time in her history, Los Angeles found herself in headlines across the nation. In Eastern pulpits, scandalized pastors inveighed against this new Gomorrah of the West. They actually proposed that missionaries be sent to reform the savages of Southern California.

Los Angeles had seen its "terrible vengeance meted out." Like a frontier floozy after a night's bout with squirrel whiskey, she hung her head in shame.

This was the lawless, wide-open town in which successive editors of the pioneering News and Star and other weekly journals plied their pens.

Into the scene in 1871 came the Evening Express. It lives today in a masthead linkage with the old Herald, as the Evening Herald and Express. The Express was founded by Jesse and George Yarnell, George Tiffany, J. W. Paynter and Miguel Verelo. In 1873, James J. Ayers and Joseph D. Lynch bought the paper and the following year, Lynch retired from the partnership to take charge of still another journalistic newcomer, the Daily Herald. This was a morning Democratic paper founded in 1873 by C. A. Storke. He is said by historians to have used his wife's dowry of \$10,000 to launch the Herald which he later sold to acquire the Santa Barbara Press. In Santa Barbara, he became a figure of statewide status.

The year that Lynch left the Express

to become the Herald's editor, a youthful Herald reporter wrote a colorful story on the capture and delivery into Los Angeles of Tiburcio Vasquez, the Southland's Robin Hood counterpart of Joaquin Murietta. The reporter was Bill Spaulding. His story on Vasquez' capture is still quoted. And he left as a final monument the thick volumes of his accurate History of Los Angeles City and County.

Other old timers too, left their marks in devious ways. An early partner in publication of the Star was William H. Rand. He had scant success in California after he quit his job as printer's apprentice in Boston to come to the Gold Fields in 1849. He was briefly with the Star, then left his City Council post in mid-term to return to his native New England.

Away from the brutal West, he became the Rand of Rand-McNally, map-makers for the entire world, and more, was a member of the syndicate which made the Mergenthaler linotype machine a commercial success.

Not a newspaperman, but an embryo writer, was a man who hung wistfully on the edges of reportorial society in Los Angeles at a later date. An humble Polish dry goods clerk, he worked at the emporium of Nathan Jacoby.

His name was Henryk Sienkiewicz. Years later, he wrote "Quo Vadis."

More allied with the newspapering fraternity were Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Eugene Field and Joaquin Miller. Their work appeared in such California publications as the Argonaut, Alta California, and Overland. Their fame too, followed their years in the Golden State. And Henry

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White Sox shortstop Appling puts Enright, Samuelson, Stiles, Burns, Roberts, and Hoffman behind Eight Ball.

GIANTS OF A CENTURY

George, whose Progress and Poverty stirred the nation with economic daring, eked out a living on copy desks in the Bay area while he wrote his thesis on taxation during lobster tricks.

But it remained for an unsuccessful banker to write what is probably one of the brightest pages in the annals of San Francisco journalism. He was James King of William, who started the Daily Evening Bulletin there and

aroused a city to roaring and righteous wrath. But finally he had to die to win his battle.

His entry into the troubled and then corrupt San Francisco field was not long after the start of California's first newspaper, The Californian, in Monterey on August 15, 1846. The Californian's publishers, Robert Semple and Rev. Walter Colton, moved their

infant paper to San Francisco (then Yerba Buena) when gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill. Later, in 1849, the Californian merged with the California Star of San Francisco to become the Alta California, something of a Bible in Western newspaperdom during the Sixties.

But the Bulletin of James King of William became the sensation of Far Western journalism almost overnight. King waded into his task swinging in all directions. Biographers say his banking background gave him potent information on business and civic scandal which abounded in the city. His larruping crusades and attacks won him subscribers, advertisers and contributors by the hundreds, then by thousands.

King's campaign to purge San Francisco of political corruption came to a head when a U. S. Marshal was shot down by a gambler in a popular saloon. King promptly urged that the populace hang the sheriff if the gambler remained unpunished. It was a daily demand of King's Bulletin that Charles Cora, the gambler, be brought to justice for the slaying.

During this brief period, with King calling for Cora's life in forfeit of the crime, King of William maintained in one editorial that over a seven year period, more than 1000 persons had been murdered in San Francisco and only 11 criminals executed during the same period.

Among others he attacked during the campaign over protection for Cora was James Casey, editor of the San Francisco Sunday Times, a member of the County Board of Supervisors and a proven former inmate of Sing-Sing prison in New York.

King of William flouted Casey as a



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public defender of the murderous Cora and finally on May 14, 1856, Casey was goaded by friends to murderous fury himself. He dry-gulched King of William on his way home from work. From a darkened doorway, he shot the unarmed King to death.

That pistol blast was the call to arms that summoned the San Francisco Vigilantes of 1856 to a period of lynch law unequalled elsewhere in the history of the West.

It started auspiciously too. For on the afternoon of a great public funeral for King of William, two corpses swung in dread mourning from an improvised gallows. They were the bodies of Cora and Casey, the silent mourners at the funeral of their victim.

Fremont Older, King of William's counterpart at the turn of the century, was managing editor of the Bulletin. He chose Abe Reuf, termed the Boss Tweed of San Francisco, as his Goliath. But before he got well started on Reuf, according to his autobiography, he found he had to first clean house on his own newspaper. Venality among newspapermen was common. But he whaled away at Abe and civic graft in general, and after five years of fighting, Abe was behind bars and Older was toasted as a public benefactor. Crusades under the Older banner followed this by the dozen and Older ended his days as a reformer of individual criminals.

Perhaps his greatest crusade along that line was an untiring effort to win freedom for Tom Mooney, imprisoned for San Francisco's Preparedness Day parade bombing. Tom was finally freed by Gov. Culbert Olson. But Older had long been in his grave by that time.

After the Express and the Herald had followed the Star and News in the growing Los Angeles Newspaper field, a struggling start was recorded for another newcomer, which was soon to father a child far bigger than itself—The Los Angeles Times. The newcomer was the Weekly Mirror, started as little more than a throwaway handbill for the printing firm of Jesse Yarnell, T. J. Caystile and S. J. Mathes.

Yarnell had withdrawn unhappily from The Express, after getting it underway with his brother George, and three other partners. Discouraged at the labor of running any newspaper as a full time job, Yarnell conceived the Mirror as more of a toy than a task. He passed his handbill out to loungers and merchants along the little business district and solicited printing orders as he went.

Into this rural scene came Nathan Cole, Jr., son of a rich St. Louis merchant, and Thomas Gardiner, an English gentleman who strode the Pueblo's dusty streets in top hat, frock coat, high button spats and mutton chop whiskers.

But for all his foppery, he was an excellent newspaperman, his contemporaries maintained. So was his partner Cole, for that matter, and the pair, impoverished of money if not ambition, went to the printshop home of the Mirror and proposed that Yarnell & Co. do the printing job on their new daily paper. So, The Morning Times was published in the Mirror's little shop for the first time on Dec. 4, 1881.

Their credit never caught up with their enthusiasm. The Mirror Printing and Binding House soon owned The Times. Mathes was stuck with the editorship, a task he fancied no more than his indolent partner, Yarnell. As

the last of his stomach for The Times waned, Mathes' health broke. And he almost wept for joy when a goateed and frock coated young man of military bearing walked across his threshold in 1882 and took over his seven-months-old journalistic cross.

The man was Lt. Col. Harrison Gray Otis, 45, and intent on carving a career for himself in the budding little city of his choice. And carve he did.

Otis had arrived in California in 1874 after a considerable newspaper, government and political career in his native Ohio and in Washington. On the Coast, he published the Santa Barbara Press for three years, then went back into government service as an official in Seal Island, Alaska. His return from the outlands was to Los Angeles, where a friend and veteran newspaperman, A. W. Francisco, induced him to abandon a chance to travel to Samoa as consul and put a shoestring bankroll of \$1000 into The Times.

The \$1000 plus a \$5000 note obtained a quarter interest and the title of editor at a salary of \$15. Late in 1883, another colonel, this one named H. H. Boyce and possessed of a heavy bankroll, arrived in town to get into the newspaper business. He put up funds with which to buy out all other members of the multiple Times partnership.

Under that deal, the Times and Mirror were incorporated with a capital of \$60,000 in 60 shares. The shop was at the corner of Temple and New High Streets. A Taylor stop-cylinder press thumped out 1500 copies an hour—when it thumped. For a Pelton water motor powered the press, and it was often out of commission because fish from the irrigating ditch would jam its water driven vitals.

In 1886, the colonels came to a parting on a buy or sale basis, and Boyce, the monied one, offered his half to Otis for a figure that varies in history from

(continued on next page)



COMPLIMENTS OF
PAUL BOBST
AND
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GIANTS OF A CENTURY

\$18,000 to \$27,000. Otis raised the money, to Boyce's surprise, and when the great land boom of 1886-67 got underway, Otis profited by his deal.

Boyce wasn't happy with his part in the trade however, and almost immediately went down the street with his bankroll and started still another rival newspaper, the Morning Tribune. It flourished for several years and continued in publication until well into the next century.

Late in 1886, a list of the city's newspapers included The Times, Evening Express, Morning Tribune, Daily Morning Herald, Weekly Mirror, Weekly Express, Weekly Tribune and Weekly Herald. Others included La Cronica, a Mexican weekly; Sud California Post, a German weekly and the Weekly Censor, a temperance publication. Others on the list were farming, foreign language, trade, church and commercial journals.

The next comer in the now-crowded Los Angeles downtown field was the Record, established in 1895 by E. W. Scripps, who had started what was to become his Scripps Coast League of Newspapers two years earlier with the purchase of The Sun in San Diego. Other Coast papers eventually in the Scripps group were the Seattle Star, Spokane Press, Tacoma Times and the San Francisco News.

Never a strong journalistic child, the Record stumbled and faltered through the years, always with a

brassy countenance. And sent well over a score of brilliant newspaper people into the local and national scene during its successful period. It finally dwindled into new local ownership, with its masthead altered in classy lettering to The Post Record in the early 1930s. Within a few weeks of this overhaul, it was taken over by Manchester Boddy who earlier had breathed halting life into Cornelius Vanderbilt's badly conducted tabloid experiment, the Illustrated Daily News.

With the Post Record added, Boddy produced the Daily News as a 24 hour newspaper and returned to Los Angeles a newspaper masthead which had existed almost since the beginning of publishing in Los Angeles.

Soon after the birth of the old Record under the crusading banner of Scripps, the Daily Morning Herald was converted into the Evening Herald and in 1911, William Randolph Hearst added it to his growing empire of newspapers.

Earlier, however, Hearst had invaded Los Angeles to show the local folks some big time journalism with outright establishment of The Examiner in 1903.

The Express, which had done well through the '90s and through the first quarter of this century, was then the city's leading afternoon newspaper under the dynamic leadership of Edwin T. Earl. Almost constantly at odds with The Times, the two papers battled merrily for edification of readers who had long been accustomed to fighting, squabbling journals. But with the paralysis of the recent depression, The Express struck her colors. She made a gallant stand in a final rash of circulation drives, contests and peach jackets.

Her acquisition by Hearst in a merger with the Evening Herald at about the time of the old Record's demise, marked the end of a rough-riding era, beloved by every Los Angeles old timer.

Fired from the staff of the defunct Express, columnist E. V. Durling, now of national fame, went first to the Daily News, where his wit gained scores of new readers, then a job with The Times. Still later, he found a stall in the Hearst stables, where he writes and prospers today.

Ted Cook, who city edited the old Record, swept the floors and wrote a humor column titled "Cracks in the Record," was similarly hired by Hearst and attained national fame. Jack Carberry, another great one from the Express staff, wound up in Denver, and his by-line today appears in Hearst's American Weekly with regularity.

Stub Nelson, one of a series of brilliant old Record sports writers, went ahead to nation-wide recognition. And Aggie Underwood, a Record telephone operator who stayed on to win her editorial spurs, was taken by Hearst as a top reporter for his Herald Express. She now is the nation's only metropolitan woman city editor, on the same paper.

The woman who ran what was perhaps the Record's greatest single reader appeal feature, "Letters to Cynthia Grey" is Gertrude Price, regarded today as unsurpassed in the local field as a women's editor. Florabel Muir, columnist for the new Los Angeles Mirror, another revival of a famous Los Angeles masthead, is also a Record graduate, as is Jim Marshall, West Coast editor for Collier's Magazine.

Aside from the oft told story of William Randolph Hearst and his rise from the role of youthful publisher of the San Francisco Examiner, to the greatest journalistic figure in the nation's history, perhaps this state's most famous local newspaper publishers are General Otis and his son-in-law



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BOB MOORE • 30 • JUNE 9, 1950



Bob Moore, art director of the 1950 8-Ball Final, checked off the last page dummy on the afternoon of Thursday, June 8, and sent it along to the printer's. It was the end of a long task, one he shared with the other boys along newspaper row who contributed their bit. But when he went home that night, he remembered he hadn't filled up one hole he'd set aside for a "thank you" to the other guys.

Bob called me next day and said he had an idea about what to say. We planned to do it on Monday.

But that night Bob's friends on rewrite had to write "thirty" after his name, so I never found out what he wanted to go in this space.

I remember it was something like "Thanks." I think he also said, "So long, buddies. . . ."

GJF

—30—

successor at The Times, the late Harry Chandler.

The first man to support Otis in his new Los Angeles task after the break with Col. Boyce was Charles Lummis, a young man who had been editor of the Chillicothe Gazette. A friend sent him copies of Otis' Times and the two corresponded.

In September, 1884, Lummis was hired. Penniless, he did what seemed to him a natural and obvious thing. Instead of asking for a wage advance or a salary loan, he packed his bag and walked out to his new job in Los Angeles. One hundred and 43 days and 3705 miles later, he walked into San Gabriel village and met Otis by the roadside. The two ate supper under an oak tree. Then they walked on into Los Angeles together.

Lummis worked a lifetime for Otis and became one of the greatest newspapermen and characters in the Southwest. His home in the Highland Park section is a public attraction today.

Chandler joined The Times in 1885 and like Lummis, was a man in poor health, seeking the curative powers of the Southland's climate. He worked in circulation, became circulation manager and on the side, operated the delivery routes of the Daily Herald.

With Otis, he fought the battle of The Times against labor terrorists, climaxed by the explosion of 80 sticks of dynamite under The Times building at 1st Street and Broadway at 1:07 a.m. Oct. 1, 1910. Twenty Times men died in the blast. As many more were injured. After capture of the dynamiters, they confessed as the climax to a dramatic trial, which saw Clarence Darrow speaking for the defense. Union buttons littered down-

town streets after the anti-climactic confessions.

The Times, which earlier had battled tooth and nail for a free harbor, now backed the Owens Valley aqueduct to a successful windup and later put its weight behind such civic projects as the Civic Center plan, the Union Station and the Colorado River water project.

Under Otis and later Chandler, The Times developed such editorial people as Harry Carr, perhaps the most widely read columnist in the city's history; John Steven McGroarty, author of the Mission play, and a reporter named Willard Huntington Wright, who became world famous as S. S. Van Dine, the mystery novelist.

So all of these are the giants of the past, the giants of 100 years of newspapering in California.

These are the men who took nothing and made of it, with their pens and their newspapers, the Golden State of California and the city of Los Angeles—the city that grew overnight to the third metropolis of the nation.

These are the men and the things they did and these are some of the things they battled to reach their goal.

The stories they covered through the 10 decades are history now.

And the stories that happen tomorrow, gentlemen?

As the able Editor of The Star might have put it:

"Quien Sabe?"

. . . .

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MAURY GODCHAUX

Fate was whimsical with Maury Godchaux. It was a grim twist of irony that he died on May 25, 1950, after being struck by an automobile. Machines were not for Maury.

It cannot be said that he was an enemy of machines, for he was an enemy of nothing and of no one. He tolerated machines. He was charitable of the mechanics of life, as he was of all things. But he resented, in an off-handed sort of way, the absence of a soul among the wheels and cogs of the world.

The loss of a friend is a great shock and Maury's friends are legion. They mourn the passing of the shadow that was his body, but they feel they have him still in their hearts, which he had a way of capturing. He was the kind of a guy you can't forget.

Maury's world was full of love and laughter and those who were with him lived happily in that world. He had little concern for the mundane things, but he had great concern for all of the people he met.

He lived life fully, as few do, and drew joy from books and walks on the beach and good drama and mostly from the people he met.

With a pork pie hat perched atop his gangly bow-tied frame, he walked with kings and commoners and never once gave way to hypocrisy or sham. He shuffled along unworried about himself but filled always with an awareness of the life about him. There is no laughter like Maury's and there are no feet that dance as gaily and



there are no hands that drum as jubilant a rhythm.

And with all his jubilation, with all his charity and kindness and understanding, Maury was as hard-hitting a reporter as the town has ever had, who made friends as readily with mothers and murderers, tycoons and tramps. On City News Service, the Daily News, The Times and The Examiner Maury brought credit to journalism.

Nothing is so inadequate as words in the face of death and all who knew him know that the words are incidental. The tribute to Maury is in the hearts of the men he preceded.

BY GENE SHERMAN

For a long, long time I'm going to have to remember something.

When a big story breaks I'm going to have to remember not to yell for Maury Godchaux.

He was always the first man I thought of when a story called for good, hard work—head as well as legs.

Maury could deliver. He could get it and write, too,—a rare combination these days.

I never knew Maury to yawn and dwaddle over a story. He was too good a reporter for that. He worked on the little ones just as enthusiastically as the big ones—another rarity these days.

And personally a sweeter guy never lived.

A city editor isn't supposed to have many friends—especially among his reporters.

One of the few I had was Maury.

I'll miss him greatly both as a reporter and a friend.

Maury said one of the nicest things that was ever said to me.

He covered the Overell trial for the opposition. After it was over he came to my desk and simply said:

"Jim, I'd like to work for you."

And so I'm going to have to remember not to yell for him.

Otherwise, I'll not forget you, Maury.

You and your pork-pie hat and your great and wonderful love of life and everything in the world to live for.

God damn it to hell, anyway.

BY JAMES H. RICHARDSON

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Boyd C. Cole, *Examiner*
June 7, 1949

Tommy Lee, *Don Lee Broadcasting System*
January 13, 1950

Thomas Patrick Scully, *Carnation Co.*
March, 1950

Raymond D. Smith, (*Oakland, Calif.*)
December, 1949

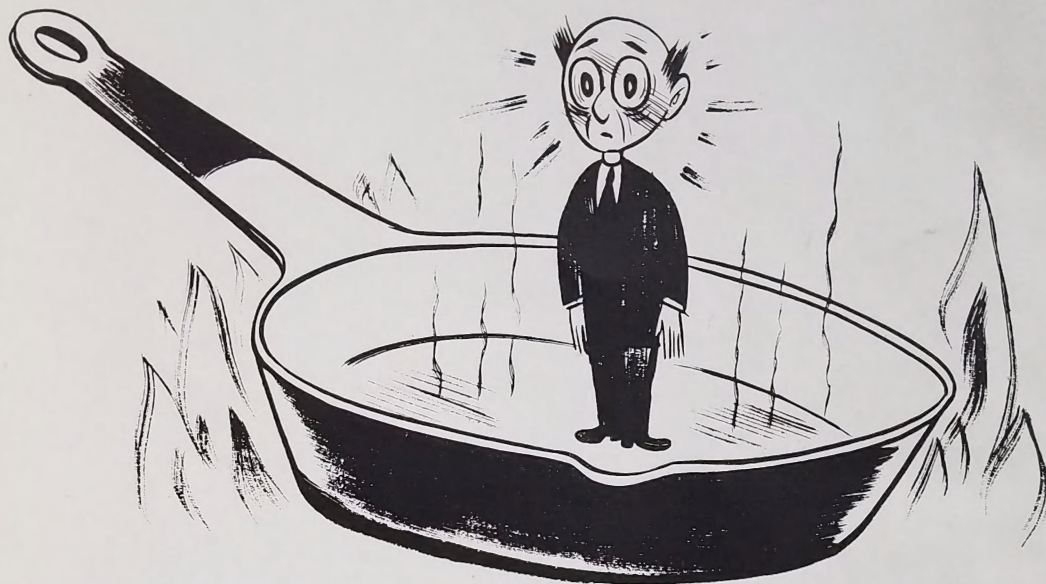
Gene Vinassa, *Press Agent*
October, 1949

Maury Godchaux, *Examiner*
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C. S. Howard, Jr., *Howard Auto Co.*
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Bob Moore, *Daily News*
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